THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

AT NIGHT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One day more of fiery trial past,
One day more of life's brief pleasures spanned,
One day more of good and evil cast
In the balance of God's gracious hand.
One day more from Time's full quiver sped,
One day more of light and shadow gone,
One day more of golden chances fled,
Ne'er again to dawn!

One day nearer the Celestial Gates,
One day nearer God's Forevermore,
One day nearer the cold stream where waits
Pale-browed Death to carry us ashore.
One day nearer to our hoped-for Heaven,
One day nearer to Christ's judgment seat—
Oh! that all our sins may be forgiven,
Kneeling at His feet!

Blessed night, that doth entomb the day,
Darkling night of dying sunshine born,
In Thy holy quietude we may
Gather strength to meet another morn.
Far away our cares and sorrows seem,
And our souls remember pain no more,
Coasting in the shallop of a dream
The Elysian shore!

Oh, smooth passage 'tween the thorny days,
Oh, sweet lull amid the deafening storms,
Oh, cool shadow in the desert's blaze,
Hold us close in thy bewildering arms.
So our aching eyes shall cease to weep,
So our wearied senses find repose,
So we drink the pleasant wine of sleep,
And forget our woes!

A. L. MUZZEY

THE LADY LISLE.

CHAPTER XIV.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

Two or three mornings after the Sunday on which Major Varney had visited the Old Kent Road, that accomplished officer sat at breakfast with his wife in the elegantly appointed dining-room of a small house in Kensington Gore.

Mrs. Varney's complexion has grown a shade sallower within the fourteen years which have elapsed since last we saw her, but the large, dark eyes are as resplendent as ever, and the luxuriant hair clusters in the same wavy masses round her oval face. She does not, however, look very amiable this morning. She has eaten nothing; but she amuses herself by destroying the delicate outer wall of a *pate de foie gras.* It seems almost as if she took a savage delight in the occupation; and the shining knife, clasped in the nervous little hand, has something the look of a dagger.

Perhaps Mrs. Varney thinks this herself; for she says presently, as her eyes follow every flash of the glittering steel—

"How hard it is that one mustn't stab somebody every morning before breakfast. If I were a Russian Princess, with two or three thousand slaves of my own, I would murder one every day to put me into good humor. It would be better than hock and seltzer water. Granville Varney, I am miserably tired of my life. I wish I were a player on the Southampton stage! I wish I were counting the checks, and casting the pieces, and darning my silk stockings, and patching up my yellow boots, and rehearsing stupid songs to sing to stupid, half-tipsy cadets! I wish I were young again, and—"

"Innocent," said the Major, twisting his yellow moustaches, and stirring half-a-dozen lumps of sugar into his tea.

"I say I'm sick of this hand to mouth existence—the end of which may be a prison or a workhouse. I'm tired of this struggle to keep up a great appearance upon uncertain means. We are getting old, Granville—it is time we retired upon our fortune."

"Right, my Adeline. Every word is worthy of a philosopher. We will retire upon our fortune."

"What do you mean, Granville? We have nothing but your pay?"

"To-day, no; in a month from this, yes. I am tired of the service, my Adeline. I shall never go back to India, but I shall establish myself in an agreeable country retreat, where I shall spend—with you, of course, my angel—the remainder of my peaceful days. What a blessing it is to have nothing in one's life to repent of! How clear is the conscience of a man who has never committed a punishable offence! We will throw ourselves upon the generous hospitality of our friend, Sir Rupert Lisle."

Mrs. Varney's black eyes opened to their widest extent.

"Sir—Rupert—!"

"Lisle," said the Major. "That injured young man will have to thank me for his restoration to name and fortune. Poor dear child: he had very nearly fallen the victim to an infamous conspiracy."

"But," exclaimed Mrs. Varney, "you will never—"

"Suffer the poor boy to be separated from his devoted mother, to be deprived of his place in life, to be robbed even of his name among men. No, my Adeline, you are right—never!" said the Major, pulling his moustachios, in a transport of virtuous indignation.

"I wish, Varney, you'd leave off acting with me," said the lady, impatiently.

"Acting, my Adeline! When do I act? When do I ever require to act? I have no crimes to conceal, my dear love. I make a discovery that a certain young man has been from his childhood the victim of a vile conspiracy, and what do I do? Why, I immediately set to work to discover the details of that conspiracy; when I have accomplished that task, I shall blazon my discovery to the world. I need not tell you that the young man will be eternally grateful to me, as his champion, his benefactor. Again, I need not tell you that I shall make good use of that gratitude."

"But people are not always grateful to their benefactors," said Mrs. Varney.

"Not all people, certainly, Adeline. Indeed, I believe the majority of individuals lean the other way. But I am not afraid of Sir Rupert Lisle."

"You think he will be better than the majority?" Mrs. Varney asked, with rather a scornful smile.

"I say I am not afraid of him, my Adeline. I say nothing more. He may be the worst or the best of men; but I am not afraid of him. If he should prove the worst, I should be, perhaps, still less afraid of him."

"I don't care about guessing enigmas, Major Varney."

"No, dearest, and you are scarcely clever enough for the task. Its pretty mouth was never made to answer nasty, puzzling riddles—was it?" said the Major, with infantine playfulness. "My Adeline, you were never intended for anything, but to look handsome, sing songs, and spend money. You *have* looked handsome, spent songs, and sung money—I beg your pardon, sung songs and spent money—all your life. You have, therefore, fulfilled your destiny. Do not attempt to go beyond it. The creative brain is here!" exclaimed the Major, tapping his forehead with an egg spoon.

His handsome wife shrugged her shoulders impatiently, and took up the *Times* newspaper, which the Major had been reading.

"Look a little to the right of the Births, Deaths, and Marriages, and tell me what you see."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Varney, as her eye caught the first words of an advertisement at the top of a column. "What does this mean?"

"Read it aloud, Adeline, and I will tell you."

"Should this meet the eye of Major Granville Varney, H.E.I.C.S., or of any person acquainted with that gentleman's present address, they are most earnestly solicited to communicate with Messrs. Selbourne and Selbourne, Solicitors, Gray's Inn Place."

"What does it mean, Granville?"

"Shall I show you how I mean to answer it?" asked the Major.

"Yes."

Major Varney rose from the breakfast table, and seating himself at a carved oak desk, near the window, he wrote a few rapid lines, and handing them to his wife, addressed an envelope while she read them.

The few lines the Major had written ran thus:—

"14, Kensington Gore, June 30th, 18—.

"My Dear Madam—Happening to remember that Messrs. Selbourne and Selbourne, of Gray's Inn, were some years ago, the lawyers employed by your family, it has occurred to me as just possible that the advertisement in to-day's *Times* may emanate from yourself. If it should be so, and if there should be any way, however remote, in which I can serve you, pray command me. If it should not be so, pardon me for the trouble I have given you. I have such a terrible antipathy to lawyers, that I prefer the hazard of boring you with this letter to the alternative of putting myself into communication with gentlemen of that profession.

"I have the honor to be,
"My dear Madam,
"Your very obedient servant,
"GRANVILLE VARNEY."

"Why should you imagine that advertisement to be inserted by Mrs. Walsingham?" asked Mrs. Varney, as she handed the letter back to the Major.

"Because I have been waiting for its insertion ever since the death of Arthur Walsingham. I thought it more than probable that on his death-bed he would reveal a certain secret. If he did so, well and good. Mrs. Walsingham would seek me out, and I was prepared to receive her. If, on the contrary, he died, and made no sign, it would be necessary for me to take the initiative, and seek out Mrs. Walsingham. This advertisement, for which I have been looking anxiously every day, convinces me that my poor, foolish Arthur spoke before he died. Dear boy! it was like him to speak—it was like him to die; he has always been consistent, and he has been very useful to me. Oh, Adeline!" added the Major, sententiously, "no man would ever commit a punishable offence, if he knew what a nice little income may be made out of the peccadilloes of other people."

The Major had not to wait long for an answer to his letter. Early the next morning a carriage drove to the door, and Mr. Salamons, who acted as valet, butler, and general *factotum*, brought his master Mrs. Walsingham's card.

The Major told his servant to show the lady into the library, a tiny room at the back of the house, opening into a garden, where there was a fountain and some gold fish.

Before joining his visitor, Major Varney took a little looking glass from his waistcoat pocket, and thoughtfully arranged his moustachios.

"Moustachios are not benevolent looking," he said, musingly, as he smoothed the yellow hairs with the taper points of his soft, white fingers. "It would have been wiser, perhaps, to have shaved my face, and let my hair grow long before things came to a crisis. And yet—and yet the light moustachios look *debonnaire.* I think I shall make her trust me."

He found Mrs. Walsingham standing near the open window, with her eyes fixed upon the door by which he entered. She was very pale, but she did not look much older than when he had last seen her.

"Mrs. Walsingham," he said, holding out both his hands, "then you were the advertiser, and you come to command my services. This is kind of you. I have only just returned from India, and I only learned a day or two ago that my poor old friend was—"

She interrupted him here, and with an agitation she was unable to conceal, she began to speak.

"Major Varney! Major Varney! I come to you on no common business. I should have sought you out even before this, but the grief, the shock of—of—"—she hesitated, and a vivid blush crimsoned her pale face for one brief moment—"of Captain Walsingham's death rendered me powerless even to think. My lawyers have been strongly opposed to my holding any personal communication with you; they know nothing of this visit; but I hazard all, I hazard all, in order to ask you one question. You may have been my worst enemy; you may be determined to be so still. My brain is not able to endure the conflicting doubts by which it has been tortured for the last three weeks. Major Varney, Major Varney, I ask you, by the love you must once have felt for your own mother, to answer me one question." She fell on her knees at his feet, and lifted her clasped hands towards him as she spoke. "Tell me, for pity's sake, is my son, Sir Rupert Lisle, still living?"

The Major opened his blue eyes so wide that there seemed some risk of his being unable to shut them again, as Mrs. Walsingham asked this question. He raised her gently from the ground, and placed her in an easy chair.

"For heaven's sake," he said, "calm yourself, my dear madam, I entreat, I implore. You agitate, you bewilder me. What is the cause of this hallucination?"

"It is no hallucination," she said. "Captain Walsingham, only a few moments before the fatal stroke which terminated his death, endeavored to reveal a secret—"

"He endeavored?" said the Major, rather anxiously.

"He was only able to utter a few broken words, but those words were enough to tell me that he thought my son, Rupert, was not dead, and that you might know something of him."

"My dear madam, be good enough to remember how utterly improbable that is. I have been in India ever since the disappearance of your son until within this last month. My poor friend's brain was perhaps effected. How unlikely that your son should be alive! What motive could Captain Walsingham have had in concealing the fact from you? What could he gain by the commission of such a crime?"

"Nothing, nothing. My poor child's fortune dies with him."

"Then what motive could any one have in concealing the fact of his existence if he did still exist? My dear madam, all this is very strange, very perplexing. I scarcely dare tell you how strange it is to me."

There was some slight confusion in the Major's manner as he said these last words, and he looked at Mrs. Walsingham with singular earnestness.

"You scarcely dare tell me," she exclaimed, her face lighting up with a faint ray of hope. "Oh! for pity's sake, tell me, tell me what you mean. You are keeping something from me; you know something which you will not tell me. I am convinced that you do."

"No, no," said the Major, walking up and down the room, as if lost in thought, "it is so unlikely, so incredible, so—so impossible."

"Major Varney, for mercy's sake! speak out. Remember, if you know anything of my poor child, if you will aid me to restore him to name and fortune, half that fortune shall be yours."

The Major started as if some one had struck him, drew himself to his fullest height, and, looking down at Mrs. Walsingham, said, with haughty earnestness,

"Mrs. Walsingham! I would recommend you never again to offer a bribe to an officer in the Honorable East India Company's Service, and I should also advise you not to dispose of your son's fortune. If he were alive, he would soon be of age, and might like to do that himself."

"Forgive me," she said, "I am half distracted. Forgive me, and tell me what it is that is in your mind about my lost boy."

The Major did not answer; but walked up and down the room for some time, still immersed in thought, his visitor following him with anxious eyes.

Presently he stopped suddenly.

"Mrs. Walsingham," he said, "have you a portrait in your possession of Sir Rupert Lisle?"

She unfastened her shawl, and taking a slender gold chain from her neck, placed the locket which was attached to it in the Major's hand. This locket contained a miniature of Sir Rupert, painted upon ivory, and taken a year before the disappearance of the boy.

The Major looked at it with a long and earnest scrutiny. He walked to the window, and stood for several minutes examining the miniature.

"Mrs. Walsingham," he said earnestly, "Heaven knows how fearful I am of uttering one word calculated to mislead you in such a matter as this, but," he added, with a sudden energy, fixing his bright blue eyes intently upon her eager face, "as surely as there is light in the sky above us I think that your son is alive."

Her cheeks, so pale before, blanched to an awful whiteness, as she slowly slid from her chair, and fell senseless upon the carpet.

CHAPTER XV.

MAJOR VARNEY APPEARS AS A PHILANTHROPIST.

"This is awkward," said the Major, gravely, as his visitor fell fainting at his feet. "Poor thing! poor thing! and all this about a pale-faced child, an unhealthy-looking charity boy. Who would ever think there was so much sickly sentimentality in the world? Shall I call Adeline to her? No; that might be dangerous. Who knows what that foolish Arthur may not have confessed?"

The Major rang the bell, which was answered with exemplary promptitude by Mr. Salamons.

"Send Mrs. Varney's maid here with hartshorn, cold water, and all the restorative paraphernalia," said the Major; "Mrs. Walsingham has fainted."

A little aromatic vinegar held to the nostrils of the Major's visitor quickly revived her. They lifted her into her chair, and wheeled it to the open window. She looked round for a moment, with a bewildered expression, but on seeing the Major, she remembered everything.

Like all very quiet people, she evinced a great power of self-command.

"I am better, thank you," she said. "It was very foolish of me to faint. I need not trouble you any more," she added, to Mr. Salamons and the lady's maid. "I shall be glad to continue our conversation, Major Varney, and will take care not to interrupt you so foolishly again."

The servants withdrew, and Mrs. Walsingham and the Major were once more alone. He was standing by her chair; she caught his hand in both of hers, and fixed her earnest eyes upon his face.

"Now," she said, "for pity's sake, tell me the meaning of your words. You had no right to utter them, unless you were prepared to explain them. You had no right," she repeated; "you had no right."

The Major drew a chair close to hers, and seated himself by her side.

"True, Mrs. Walsingham," he said; "but I never in my life uttered a word which I was not prepared to explain and to justify; and if you will promise to listen to me very quietly, you will see that I have not done so to-day. Will you promise?"

"Yes." She never took her eyes from his face. His bright blue eyes met hers, clear, radiant, and serene. The eyes of a good man, who has a clear conscience, and is not afraid of the world. Such to the physiognomist would have seemed the eyes of Major Granville Varney.

"I said to you just now (remember your promise) that I believe your son to be alive. We are all of us, at the best, so fallible to error, so likely to be only deceiving ourselves when we feel most positive, that I must implore you to accept all I say with a certain qualification."

Truly a good man, the Major. So zealous for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, that he became almost prosy in his conversation.

"If you will only speak out, and speak plainly—" said Mrs. Walsingham, impatiently.

"My dear madam, I am about to do so. I told you that I believed your son to be alive. I do so, but I must now tell you the slender foundation which I have for that belief."

"The slender foundation!" she repeated, anxiously.

"Very slender, as you may think, Mrs. Walsingham. I have a wonderful memory for faces. Heaven help the native deserter whose luck it was to be brought before Granville Varney. He might have been only ten days in my regiment, he might have been away for ten years, but I could remember every trick of his face, every glance of his wicked black eyes. It is fourteen years since I saw the face of your poor boy. If he is alive, he has grown in those years from a child to a man, but in spite of that change, it is my firm belief that three weeks ago I saw and recognized him."

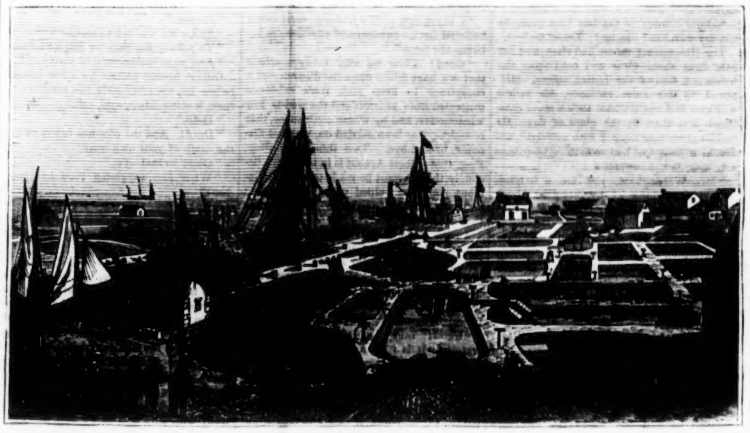
"Major Varney!"

"Remember your promise. Three weeks ago my wife and myself were induced to accept a box at the Olympic Theatre. It is a small house, as you perhaps are aware. Our box was the stage box; we were, therefore, very near the pit. The stalls were almost empty, and exactly behind them, in the front row of the pit, sat a young man, whose earnest attention to the performance (which was a very stupid one) attracted my wife's notice. I looked at him. I do not believe in ghosts, Mrs. Walsingham, or I should have assuredly believed that night I was looking at the ghost of your son, Sir Rupert Lisle."

The Major paused, and blew his nose with a highly scented handkerchief, as if to give point to his conversation.

"Is this true? is this true?" asked Mrs. Walsingham.

"Hear the sequel, dear madam, and be yourself the judge. As I do not believe in ghosts, I said to myself, this is a most extraordinary accidental likeness—so extraordinary that I feel a strange desire to know the name of the owner of that fair, pale face. It is not a common face amongst fair, pale faces, and, come what may, I will know something more about it. Now, I have a very clever servant, Alfred Salamons, the man you saw just now. Salamons was in the pit, ready to attend us home. We rarely go out without him, he is so useful. A look from me brought Salamons to our box. I pointed out the lad to him. 'All right, sir,' he said; 'I should know him by a likeness.' 'What likeness, Salamons?' I asked. 'Why, a likeness to that little boy at Lislewood Park, Sussex, sir,' he said. 'Good, Salamons,' I answered, for I always treat a good servant with perfect confidence, 'that very likeness is my reason for wishing to find out who the young man is. Follow him home, my worthy Salamons, and find out all about him.'"



OYSTER BEDS IN FRANCE.

In France, as well as in England, the oysters are taken by means of a drag-net or dredger. They are afterwards, if not for immediate use, carried to different places where fattening grounds are established. These preserves are not only serviceable in keeping the oysters, but they also improve the appearance and flavor of the fish. The places for feeding the oysters are usually situated between high and low water marks; they are excavations of an oblong form—sometimes made out of the solid stone, at others dug out of the sand, not above a couple of feet deep. They are all provided with a kind of trap-door, which is opened when the tide is out, and allows the water to escape, but the reservoirs are again filled at the return of the tide. Great care is taken lest mud should be mixed with the oysters; they are frequently looked over for the purpose of removing any that have died. These banks are seen at Havre, Dieppe, and other parts of the French coast. It is said that £125,000 is yearly spent in London in the purchase of oysters.

"And did he—did he discover—"

"My dear madam, you have no idea what a treasure the creature is. He contrived to follow the boy home to some dingy street, ever so far down the Old Kent Road. He contrived to find out his name. His name is Slogood. His father is a Methodist preacher, and has lived in the neighborhood for some years. This does not sound very promising; but, at any rate, I thought, I will go and have a look at the boy."

"And you went?"

"Yes, I went the next day. I saw the young man's father—the Methodist preacher—the Mr. Joseph Slogood; and who do you think I recognized in that person?"

"I cannot tell."

"An old servant from Lislewood Park.—The lodge-keeper—the reformed poacher, whose name was Gilbert—Gilbert—"

"Arnold?"

"Yes, Gilbert Arnold. So, here was a connection at once between the boy I had seen at the theatre and Lislewood Park. But what connection? That was the question. Now, you may happen to remember, my dear Mrs. Walsingham, that between your boy, Sir Rupert, and the little lodge-keeper's son, there was a sort of a likeness, very trifling, very undefined—chiefly, perhaps, in the height, the color of the hair, the complexion; but still something of a likeness.—Do you remember it?"

Major Varney watched his visitor's face with singular attention as he asked this question.

"I cannot say that I ever perceived it," she said, proudly: "I know some people have made the remark, but I never myself could see any likeness whatever between the Arnolds's child and my beloved son, Sir Rupert Lisle."

"You think not, and you should be the best judge. Mr. Slogood, or Gilbert Arnold, or whatever I am to call him, seemed by no means pleased to see me. He was called by a false name—a bad sign! He was angry and annoyed at being recognized, even going so far as to attempt to deny his identity—another bad sign! When I told him I wanted to see his son, he prevaricated, he shuffled, he lied, and finally refused to let me see the boy. Then I began to suspect him. I laid a trap for him, got him out of the way, and had an interview with the young man. Poor boy! Poor, injured, innocent boy! Whoever he is, and whatever he is, he is no son of Gilbert Arnold's!"

"Oh, for pity's sake, speak plainly!"

"I can say nothing plainer than this, Mrs. Walsingham—I believe the young man now living with Gilbert Arnold, the ex poacher, the sham Methodist parson, to be no son of his; I believe him to be the child of parents in a superior rank of life, and I believe him to be the victim of some diabolical plot, some hideous conspiracy, at the bottom of which is Mr. Gilbert Arnold—perhaps sole mover of it, perhaps only paid agent and vulgar tool. This, Mrs. Walsingham, is what I believe, and until you yourself have seen the boy, I will say no more!"

"Oh, let me see him! Now—this moment—this very moment! The suspense will kill me!"

"My dear madam, I rely upon your Christian forbearance—your self-control. This is not a matter in which impulse can serve us. One rash step might destroy all. Patience and caution are vitally necessary to us. Remember, we have to meet cunning with cunning—to combat the ruses of others by ruses of our own. Before you see the boy, nothing can possibly be done. I trust entirely to your instinct as a mother. See him, talk to him, examine every feature, watch every look, and if after that you say to me, 'Granville Varney, that boy is my son, Sir Rupert Lisle,' I will move heaven and earth to prove it to the world, and to reinstate him in his rights. Until this is done, nothing can be done—for this is our starting point. Now, for you to see the boy, Gilbert Arnold must be got out of the way for an hour or two.—My treasure, Salamons, will manage that this very night, if you like; and this very night you shall see the young man. If I have been mistaken, if I have caused you this grief and excitement without avail, you must forgive me. If, on the other hand, the last words spoken by my poor friend concealed some strange mystery, and I am the means of enabling you to unravel it—"

"If you can do that, my eternal gratitude will be yours. My son shall be your son.—Our fortune yours—our home yours—"

"Hush, hush!" said the Major, playfully, "I shall leave you now, my dear madam, for a few hours' repose. I shall send you some lunch, and some very special Madeira, which has made the voyage out as often as your humble servant. I must beg and implore you to rest, and to take some refreshment.—You will need all your strength this evening. For, remember, this evening you will have to make a decision upon which our future course must depend. *Au revoir!*"

The Major took both Mrs. Walsingham's hands in his and pressed them affectionately. He looked so brimming over with benevolence, so overflowing with devoted attachment to the cause of oppressed innocence, that, as he stood with his back to the window, the sun, shining through his yellow hair, seemed to encircle his handsome head with an aureole of golden light.

CHAPTER XVI.

GILBERT ARNOLD IS MADE TO SPEAK.

The treasure, Mr. Alfred Salamons, managed matters so well as to arrange his plans for getting the sham Methodist preacher out of the way for an hour or so at dusk. In the early dusk, therefore, Mrs. Walsingham's quiet, dark brown clarence, with the lady and the Major seated inside, drove away from Kensington Gore on its way to the Old Kent Road.

Claribel was very pale; she scarcely spoke during the drive, but kept her eyes fixed on the dim streets through which they passed. The lamps were being lighted as they crossed Westminster Bridge, and nine o'clock struck before they reached their destination. Major Varney directed the coachman to stop at the corner of the street in which Mr. Slogood's tabernacle was situated. When he and Mrs. Walsingham had alighted, he told the man to drive to the Bricklayers' Arms, and wait till he was sent for.

"Now, Mrs. Walsingham," said the Major, "be so kind as to take my arm, and I will lead you to this Slogood's house. I thought it prudent to send the carriage away, in case your late lodge-keeper should return while we are here. He would have recognized the Lislewood liveries."

Claribel Walsingham did not seem to have heard the Major's remarks. She walked on in silence for a few moments; but just as they passed the chapel, and turned the corner of the street, she stopped suddenly, and, laying her disengaged hand upon the Major's wrist, said to him with a feverish energy—

"Major Varney, is the boy I am going to see, my own son? Is he? Yes or no."

The Midsummer moon had risen, and her pale light shone clear and cold upon the handsome face of the Indian officer. Mellowed by this calm radiance, his yellow whiskers and moustachios took a more chastened hue than in the glare of day. He looked at his interrogator with a straight, unflinching gaze, that had something of solemnity in it, as he answered—

"Mrs. Walsingham, you are a helpless woman, the widow of my very dear friend, and I would not willingly mislead you. I believe he is."

She sighed a sigh of relief, and hurried on, still grasping Major Varney's arm.

"Do not hurry, my dear madam," he said; "we are there."

He stopped at the little garden gate, and rang a bell, which was answered by Mr. Alfred Salamons.

"All right?" asked the Major.

"Yes, sir. He's gone to a tea-meeting up at Hampstead. I brought him a note from the Reverend President, inviting him to speak at the meeting. He can't be back under a couple of hours, for he'll be rather puzzled to find out where the meeting's held."

"Good, my Salamons. Is he not a treasure, Mrs. Walsingham?"

She did not answer him. Her eyes were rivetted upon the half-open door of the house in which she hoped to look upon her lost son.

"Now, Mrs. Walsingham," said the Major, "follow me."

He went into the passage, and led the way to the foot of the stairs. Before ascending them he paused, and looking at Salamons significantly, said—

"And she—the wife?"

"Oh, she's gone into the country to see some friends," answered his valet. "They're very fond of her, and I dare say they'll keep her a long time."

"Once more, good, my Salamons."

The Major and Mrs. Walsingham went up stairs, followed closely by Mr. Salamons, who stood in the shadow of the doorway while his master and the lady entered the room. The young man with the pale face and fair hair had thrown himself, dressed, upon the bed, and lay with his head upon his arm in a sound sleep. His flaxen hair, which grew rather long, had fallen away from his low, narrow forehead. His clothes, though rather shabby, were of the last fashion, and such as only a gentleman's son would wear. His hands were white and delicate, and evidently unused to work of any kind. The room was lighted only by a miserable tallow candle, with a long wick, burning on the table by the window.

The Major pointed silently to the sleeper. Mrs. Walsingham uttered a faint, half-stifled scream, and, rushing to the bed, fell on her knees by the pillow, and lifting the fair face in her arms, kissed the boy's forehead passionately. He awoke with a startled look in his wide open blue eyes, and stared about him wildly. It was rather a delicate, regular face, but it gave no promise of a powerful intellect.

"My poor boy! my poor injured boy!" said Major Varney, "remember what I told you the other night, and prepare yourself."

"Yes, yes!" cried the young man. "Yes, I know. And you are my mother," he added, turning to Claribel; "and you have come to take me away from this horrid place, and that horrid man. You've come for that—haven't you?"

He spoke with fretful impatience, and, rising from the little bed, seemed as if he wanted to run straight out of the house.

Mr. Salamons, standing at the half open door, caught him by the wrist, and stopped him.

"My dear sir," he said, "there's no hurry; there's no hurry. Take it calmly."

"Well, Mrs. Walsingham," said the Major, "tell me, am I right?"

"You are," she said, with a sigh. "Heaven knows, I believe you are; but he is sadly changed—my poor, poor unhappy boy!—sadly changed."

"Deprived of a mother's care for fourteen years; mewed up in this wretched room, or in some other room as wretched as this, for fourteen years—how can you expect to find him otherwise?" asked the Major, gravely.

"My boy, my poor Rupert, come to me!" said Claribel, holding out her arms.

The young man put his arms round her neck, and letting his head fall upon her shoulder, burst into tears.

"I want to go away from this place: I want to go away," he repeated.

"You shall, Rupert, you shall!"

She drew him towards the door, and they were leaving the room together, when the Major interposed.

"My dear Mrs. Walsingham! my dear madam! Good heavens! do you know what you are doing? You are going to take away this young man, who is, or is supposed to be, the son of an old servant of yours, and you are going, I suppose, straight into a court of justice, in which you will assert that this very lad is your own child, Sir Rupert Lisle, for fourteen years supposed to be dead. For goodness sake, let us know what we are going to do! For the sake of equity, for my poor dead friend's sake, let us have a little system in what we are going to do! Mrs. Walsingham, a chair."

He motioned her to a seat. She obeyed him mechanically, and sat down.

"In the first place, Mrs. Walsingham, and before we stir a step in the matter, it is vitally necessary that we have your declaration that you solemnly believe this young man to be your son, Sir Rupert Lisle."

"I do believe it," said Claribel.

"Good! In the presence of myself, Alfred Salamons (my servant), and the young man in question, you declare him to be, to the best of your belief, your son. You are misled by no chance likeness which Gilbert Arnold's own boy may have borne to Sir Rupert Lisle?"

"I never saw such a likeness, and I never believed in the existence of any likeness between the boys."

"Good! Then we may safely conclude that we have fallen upon the discovery of a conspiracy to keep your son's existence concealed from yourself and the world. For what motive, and by whose contrivance, that conspiracy has been carried on, we must discover by-and-bye. Two things are clear. First, that Gilbert Arnold is in the plot. Secondly, that he must be made to speak. Salamons, you have helped us in this, and you know something of the man. Will he speak to-night?"

As the Major asked this question, a ray of light seemed to travel directly from his eyes into the oriental optics of Mr. Alfred Salamons. It was as if an electric telegraph had been set in motion.

"I think he will," answered the valet; "to-night as well as any time."

"Good!" said the Major, looking at his watch. "It is now a quarter past ten; in half-an-hour the man will very likely be back. You, Salamons, go to the nearest police office, and bring a couple of detectives. If we put those two gentlemen in the front parlor, we may find it easier to induce our friend to open his mouth."

Mr. Salamons bowed, and departed on his errand. Claribel and the Major sat waiting for the poacher's return. The young man paced restlessly up and down the room, stopping every now and then to ask some question.

Was he really Sir Rupert Lisle? What wretches they had been to keep him away from his home and his mother! Would they take him away soon?

In half an hour Mr. Salamons returned, bringing with him two grave looking men in plain clothes, whom he conducted into the little parlor. About ten minutes afterwards Gilbert Arnold let himself in at the door with a latchkey, and walked straight up to the room in which the Major and Mrs. Walsingham were waiting for him.

Claribel, at the request of Major Varney, had allowed her thick mourning veil to cover her face, which it completely concealed.

At the sight of the Major, Gilbert Arnold recoiled in amazement.

"Ah, my worthy friend," said the Indian officer, "I dare say you are surprised at seeing me. But pray reserve yourself, for you'll be a good deal more surprised presently. My dear madam, be good enough to raise your veil, while I snuff this abominable rushlight. And now, Joseph Slogood, *alias* Gilbert Arnold, *alias* never-mind-what, tell me if you know this lady."

"My name's not Gilbert Arnold, and I don't know any of you!" answered the poacher, with sulky defiance.

"Ah, yes you do; you know us all very well indeed. And to begin with, you know your son, or the poor boy you've had the audacity to call your son for fourteen years. You know him very well, Gilbert Arnold. You know this injured boy. Look at him, fall at his feet, and grovel in the dust before him, and ask him if he can ever bring himself to forgive you; but don't tell us you don't know him. You know SIR RUPERT LISLE!"

The man dropped into a chair that stood near him, and resting his elbows upon his knees, buried his face in his hands.

"Ah, there's a little shame left in you, is there," said the Major, scornfully. "You've been able to keep your wicked secret (kept for Heaven only knows what reason) for fourteen years; but the daylight has been let in upon it at last. Your conspiracy is discovered, and if you hope for mercy from this injured lady, or her son, who, in a month from this day, will be of age, you had better speak quickly, and speak the truth. What is the meaning of this abominable plot?—at whose instigation was it carried out? Are you the sole mover of it, or is there anybody else in it? Speak!"

"I shan't!" roared the poacher, springing to his feet, and grasping the chair in his strong hand, as if he would have hurled it at the Major. "I shan't! I'm not dirt, to be trampled under your feet. I'm not your slave, to do your bidding, and to learn my lessons like a baby, and to follow and fawn like a dog! Suppose I say I shan't speak—suppose I say I won't go through with it—suppose I say I'd sooner be hung? There!"

He struck the chair violently upon the floor, in an outburst of fury, and then falling into it once more, began to cry like a child.

"The man is mad, or he has been drinking," said Major Varney to Claribel; and then going close up to Gilbert Arnold, he bent his lips down to the ear of the poacher, and whispered—

"Bully! Coward! Either speak or be hung, then! Take your choice now, and take it quickly, for there are two detectives waiting down stairs, and I've only to go to them and inform against you."

Gilbert Arnold, still whimpering piteously, looked up and rubbed his eyes with his coarse, dirty hands.

"I've been drinking a bit," he said, apologetically, "and you're too hard upon a man, and he can't bear it. He is *not* dirt," he added, "and though he may get used to being trampled upon, sometimes it goes again him, and it puts his blood up, and he can't bear it. If I must speak, why, I'll speak. Now then!"

He put his legs astride across the chair, folded his arms upon the top rail, and, resting his chin upon his arms, looked the Major full in the face.

"Are you only concerned in this plot, or is there anybody else in it?"

"No, there's nobody else."

He spoke with a dogged air, as if he had been saying a lesson, and a lesson that he hated.

"Have you been alone in it, from first to last?"

"Yes, from fust to last."

"Captain Walsingham was entirely ignorant of it?"

"He was."

"And what was the motive of it?"

"To put my boy into Sir Rupert's place."

"And what has become of your boy?"

Gilbert Arnold paused for a few moments before he answered this last question, and then, looking down, said, sulkily—

"Dead."

"Dead! And the plot has failed owing to the death of your own son?"

"Owin' to that—yes."

"What first suggested such an idea to you?"

"Eh?"

"What was it that first put it into your head to change your son for Sir Rupert Lisle?"

"People was always a talkin' of the likeness between the boys, and of mine bein' every bit as good a lookin' lad as the other, and it seemed hard, somehow, that one should live on the fat of the land, and the other have none of the sweets of this life. So I thought, if I ever got the chance, I'd just put my boy in the other one's shoes, and see if he didn't make as good a baronet as Sir Rupert."

"And you did get the chance?"

"Yes, that day as Sir Rupert's pony ran away with him and threw him upon Lislewood downs. I was passin' in a shay cart, drivin' home from the market town by the hills instead of by the road, and found the boy lyin' on the ground insensible. I picked him up, took him home, and kept him hid for a day or two, bein' all that time queer in his head and knowin' nothing nor no one; and then I contrived to take him up to London by the train one night. I put him into a hospital there, and he picked up and got round in a few months, and then I moved up to London myself, taking my wife and child with me."

"And what did you mean to do with the two boys?" asked the Major.

"Why, I meant to let the time slip by till they grew older and bigger, and when there was a chance of my lady there having forgotten the looks of hers, I meant to have gone to her and told her as how I'd found him a poor lad in London streets, and how I thought he was stole by gipsies, and my boy would have been taught his lesson, and would have bore me out in what I said, and then my boy would have passed as Sir Rupert Lisle, and been master of a fine house and a fine fortune."

"But your boy died?"

"Yes: a twelvemonth after Sir Rupert's accident he took ill of a typhus fever and died. There, will that do?"

"Yes, it will do, Mr. Gilbert Arnold. A very nice confession, which I hope you will be prepared to repeat to the solicitors of Sir Rupert Lisle, and of the gentleman now known as Sir Launcelot Lisle. I think, in the meantime, my worthy Arnold, you will have to consider yourself in custody, as I must leave one of the detectives in charge of you, till your confession has been duly taken down, and certified by proper witnesses. As to Mrs. Walsingham and Sir Rupert Lisle, I have no doubt that by throwing yourself upon their generosity, and aiding to the uttermost in undoing the grievous wrong which you have done, you will, instead of being punished for your villainy, be rewarded for your amiable candor. Now, Mrs. Walsingham, Salamon shall go to the Bricklayers' Arms, and fetch the carriage, and then I think we may safely bid Mr. Gilbert Arnold good-night, and take Sir Rupert Lisle away with us."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A Yankee is a calculating institution; and nothing comes along that he does not subject to the ordeal of figures in some way. The last instance that has come under our observation is the following, which occurs in the way of some editorial speculations upon comets:—"Its tail is at least 6,000,000 of miles in length. To grease that tail, it is estimated, would use up a basin of fat as large as Lake Erie, and make constant employment for 50,000 'daubers' for ten years."

☞ The poor mechanic who performs his daily task to provide food for his wife and little ones, and contributes through his example and influence to mould the popular mind to a noble comprehension of its true dignity, is fulfilling his mission as faithfully as the millionaire who contributes his thousands to aid in the suppression of the rebellion.

☞ Going to bed is generally considered but a prosaic affair, even when it is softened into "retiring to rest." But Alexander Smith, in his new poem, "Edwin of Deira," having occasion to send the Queen to bed, that the King may meditate alone, says—

"And when she *like a star had set*, he turned, &c.

See what poetry can do for the most prosaic events of life!

☞ PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.—Sheridan used to tell an anecdote of one of his constituents coming to him one day, and saying—"Oh, sir, things cannot go on in this way; there *must* be a reform; we poor electors are not paid properly at all!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

NOTICE.

The DEMAND TREASURY NOTES *of the United States, whether payable in this city or elsewhere, will be gladly received at this office in payment for Subscriptions or Advertising. Our distant friends are urged to remit them to us in preference to any Bank Notes but those of Philadelphia and the Eastern States.*

THE ARMY.

The following table gives the population of the loyal states and territories, the number of their fighting men, and their quota for an army of 500,000:

State.	Population.	Fighting men.	Quota.
Maine	628,276	125,000	16,250
New Hampshire	326,072	65,000	8,450
Vermont	315,116	63,000	8,160
Massachusetts	1,231,065	246,000	33,000
Connecticut	460,150	92,000	12,000
Rhode Island	174 621	35,000	4,000
New York	3,887,542	778,000	101,000
Pennsylvania	2,906,370	581,000	74,540
New Jersey	672,031	134,000	17,420
Delaware	112,218	23,000	2,860
Ohio	2,339,600	468,000	61,000
Indiana	1,350,480	270,000	35,100
Illinois	1,711,753	342,000	44,400
Michigan	749,112	150,000	19,500
Wisconsin	775,783	155,000	20,150
Iowa	674,748	135,000	17,550
Minnesota	162,022	32,000	4,160
Kansas	107,110	21,000	2,730
California	435,457	76,000	10,000
Oregon	59,463	10,000	1,500
Nebraska Territory	28,793	6,000	1,000
Colorado "	34,842	6,500	1,300
New Mexico "	93,541	19,000	2,400
District of Columbia	75,076	15,000	2,000
Total	19,322,680	3,800,000	500,000

Kansas has furnished, it is said, three times her quota—some nine regiments. This is probable, as she called her ablebodied men into the field to repel the menaced invasion from Western Missouri.

New Hampshire also claims to have filled her quota. We doubt, however, that she has 8,450 men actually in service.

Connecticut claims to have "sent into the field, and have now ready," nine regiments of infantry. Four or five of these are "in the field."

Massachusetts says *officially*, that she has

NOW IN THE FIELD.

Seventeen Regiments of Infantry.
Eight Companies of Infantry at Fortress Monroe.
Four Companies of Infantry with New York 40th.
Three Batteries of Light Artillery.

PREPARING IN THE STATE.

Seven Regiments of Infantry.
Two Batteries of Light Artillery.
One Regiment of Cavalry.

We compute the above as 27 regiments of 1,000 men each. It must be remembered also that the Atlantic states, and Massachusetts and New York particularly, have contributed large numbers to the naval service. The number thus enlisted in Massachusetts is set down at 10,000 men. Counting soldiers *and sailors*, Massachusetts has probably *in active service* about 30,000 men. Her Governor says:—

> Up to this hour we have not asked or received a single dollar from the General Government, on account of our large expenditure in arming, equipping and clothing this large army of citizen soldiers in the best manner. Massachusetts has imported her own arms, and fifteen thousand Enfield rifles are in the hands of her citizen soldiers, and five thousand more and ten thousand blankets are on the way from the old country as fast as steam can bring them. All the clothing for our troops, all our tents, horses, wagons, ambulances, and camp equipage of all descriptions, the state has furnished. Not stopping to inquire what other states are doing for the cause of the country, or how much they were receiving from the Federal Government, Massachusetts has thought only of doing *more* than her full duty, with the fullest confidence that the patriotism of her people would never falter in the presence of any danger, or in the prospect of any sacrifice of blood or treasure that might be required of her; and her statute-book to-day bears witness of her devotion to the common welfare, so far as money is concerned, by the authority which was given to the Executive on the 21st day of May last, to loan to the United States, in addition to all expenses she might incur in the prosecution of the war, the further sum of seven millions of dollars.

Maine has in the field, we believe, ten regiments.

Rhode Island has 3,282 men in the field, in her own regiments. Four hundred have volunteered out of the state, and 420 men have enlisted in Providence alone for the naval service. She has three battalions, and three batteries of artillery preparing. When these latter are in the field, her quota will be more than filled.

New York has about 60,000 men in the field, and about 25,000 ready for being mustered into service.

Ohio has in actual service 32,938 men. In Western Virginia, 21 regiments; in Kentucky, 9 regiments; in Missouri, 2 regiments. There are in camp full, or nearly full and rapidly filling, 15 regiments of infantry, 1 regiment of artillery, and 5 regiments of cavalry. The number of these that can be immediately called from camp into active service is 14,297. In the field and prepared for service Ohio has thus about 47,000 men.

Indiana has 35,357 (her full quota) *in actual service*. In addition to this there are six regiments now ready for the field as soon as arms can be procured, and sixteen more organized and rapidly filling up. Indiana's record is a proud one.

Of the other states we have at present no accounts. Illinois, we judge, has her full quota in the field. Of our own state, we have endeavored to obtain an official statement, but so far without success—which, we admit, does not look remarkably well. The Washington telegraphic correspondent of the associated press says:—

> Pennsylvania has now a larger number of troops and more artillery in the field than any other state, and still her regiments continue to arrive. One or two regiments from Camp Curtin are expected to arrive here in the early part of next week.

And a telegram from Harrisburg says that "Governor Curtin is beset with applications for the acceptance of new regiments, but that Pennsylvania has already a sufficient number of regiments to meet all the requisitions made upon her by the National Government, and they are now being filled and equipped as rapidly as could be desired."

But this kind of talk is not entirely satisfactory. We would rather that Adjutant General Biddle would answer our letter. If the state has done well, let it receive praise; but if ill, we want no false plumage.

MR. SEWARD'S WARNING.

The great event of the past week has been the Circular sent by the Secretary of State to the Governors of all the States on the seaboard and the lakes, advising that their "ports and harbors on the seas and lakes should be put in a condition of complete defence." The Secretary says that there is less prospect of any controversy with foreign States now than at any previous period during the insurrection, but that "it is, nevertheless necessary now, as it has hitherto been, to take every precaution that is possible to avoid the evils of a foreign war, to be superinduced upon those of a civil commotion which we are endeavoring to cure."

The issue of the circular in question took every one by surprise, as it was not supposed that anything had occurred to render our foreign relations more unsatisfactory than hitherto; and yet if this were the case, why ask the States to anticipate the action of Congress, the proper authority in all such matters?

It may be that the administration designs remonstrating in very decided terms against the rumored allied expedition against Mexico, and wishes the country to be prepared for a possible warlike result of such remonstrances.

Whether this be the case or not, it is only acting like reasonable men, in view of the present unsettled condition of affairs, for the people of the North to put their coasts in a reasonable condition of defence. This city especially is sadly unprotected—and the expenditure of a million or two of dollars now, may save us many millions in the future. Our coast should not lie at the mercy of any nation or nations.

Of course it is beyond all denial the interest of the United States to remain at peace with the European Powers—and especially at a crisis like the present. The administration, if not smitten with judicial blindness, understand this probably even more clearly than private citizens can do. But there is a point of course beyond which no administration can yield, for to do so would only invite further aggression.

That the aristocracy of Great Britain are wasting no tears over the present troubles in the United States, is now very evident. When a man like Bulwer Lytton, who is something more than a mere "Sir" and ex-cabinet-officer, rejoices in the prospect of the United States being split into four separate nations, as the Union, if it continues, *would hang over Europe as a gathering and destructive thunder cloud*, others still more selfish doubtless will not hesitate, so far as they dare, to help the dissolution along.

Our hope of continued peace with England rests mainly upon the people of England—the "plain people," as President Lincoln well phrased it. Their sympathies are naturally with us. Even at the agricultural meeting where Sir Edward Lytton made the speech to which we have alluded, a plain *Mister* Puller said, with convincing force, "I do not agree with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton that it is desirable the United States should be split up into three or four republics, and I point to the South American republics as an instance of what would probably ensue if the United States became divided."

But whether there is any immediate danger of foreign complications or not, we think the warning of Mr. Seward should be heeded. If no occasion should arise to test the strength of the fortifications which may be erected, the better. But if there should be occasion for them, and they should not exist, we should have sad cause to lament our want of common prudence.

THE NAVAL EXPEDITION.

As our contemporaries generally are alluding to the sailing of the Naval Expedition, we suppose we may chronicle the same. In fact it is now no secret, South or North, that a large expedition has sailed from New York, and that from fifteen to twenty thousand men will be taken on board at Annapolis. As to the destination of the expedition, opinions vary. It probably is bound along shore, wherever the enemy is found unprepared. If the weather and the fates prove propitious, Norfolk, Raleigh, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, St. Augustine and Pensacola may all be called upon in turn, or out of turn, and pot-luck be taken with their hospitable inhabitants.

This is the bright view of the affair. Our readers would do well also to bear in mind that naval expeditions are of a peculiarly uncertain character. Waves and winds are very treacherous—and add an additional element of hazard to the usual chances of war. Therefore let us not be disheartened if the sad fate which so often has befallen well contrived naval expeditions falls upon this—and by keeping our hopes in moderation, if the good news of a splendid success comes, it will be all the more heartily welcomed.

OUR MILITARY DEFENCES.—Simple earth works, mounted with heavy ordnance, have been found to be no mean defences. Why not have such erected at suitable points for the defence of Philadelphia.

THE WAR.

There appears to be a difference of opinion at Washington as to the proper policy to be pursued. Mr. Seward, it is said, is in favor of simply defending at present the line of the Potomac, and carrying on the war offensively in the West, and on the coast; while other members of the Cabinet favor an immediate advance upon the enemy in Virginia, as well as everywhere else. What Generals Scott and McClellan advise, we have not seen stated, though we infer that McClellan, at least, favors a forward movement.

The enemy have retired upon Fairfax, and doubtless will seek their old battle-field at Bull Run in case of an advance of the Union army in force. Their right, however, still rests upon the lower Potomac, where batteries have been erected that materially interfere, to say the least, with the navigation of the river. It is also reported that they are again approaching the fords of the Upper Potomac in force, though this is hardly probable, in view of the drawing in of their centre.

The blockade of the Potomac, we infer, is a measure that can only be counteracted by the employment of a land force, to attack the batteries that command the river in their turn, and hold the important positions afterwards. We suppose there is some good reason for this not being attempted. It is well for all civilians to bear in mind that results whose desirableness is very obvious to them, can scarcely be less obvious to military men. A man does not necessarily lose all his common sense by becoming a military commander.

We hope that to Gen. McClellan will be given a fair field and large discretion—though of course the President should see to it that the welfare of other great fields of action is not sacrificed without sufficient cause to success in that immediately before him. Every commander is of course desirous of presenting a good account in his own department; but, above all, should be the far-seeing, sound judging eye which takes in the whole field of war, from the furthest East to the furthest West.

In Kentucky and Missouri things are evidently tending to a crisis. The Union forces in the latter state are drawing near the rebel army as rapidly as possible, and we shall soon have either some very good or very bad news from the West. In case of the latter, the wisdom of Gen. Cameron's order respecting the fortifications of St. Louis, will not be very apparent.

In Western Virginia, the roads seem to have become so bad, owing to the continuous rains, that the opposing forces have almost concluded to retire into winter quarters. There is considerable dissatisfaction expressed in Ohio and Indiana with the management of the Quartermaster's department in that section, and even with the generalship displayed. So far as we can perceive, however, the campaign in Western Virginia has been more successful than anywhere else. That the rebels are complaining greatly of the management of their generals, especially Wise and Floyd—between the friends of whom a regular controversy is going on, to prove which is the poorer commander—is a tolerably good sign that they are by no means satisfied with the result of the summer campaign.

A LONG LINE.

A man occupies in the ranks a front of 10 inches; a continuous line of 50,000 men therefore, is nearly 16 miles long.

As we estimate, a man occupies a front of *twenty* inches—which makes the statement as to the 16 miles correct. 100,000 men in line of battle would present a front of thirty-two miles. In the usual two ranks of battle array—"as the long line comes gleaming on"—it would give a front of nearly eight miles. Battles are not often fought in continuous fronts of this kind however. The inequalities and incumbrances of the ground alone would forbid it. But such an estimate will afford a glimpse of the difficulty in handling an army of 100,000 men, for instance. Not many men can do that. A general may be a perfectly good leader for ten thousand men, who could not manage twenty thousand; and many can manage twenty thousand, who could not one hundred. Of Napoleon an opponent once said—"The little rascal, he could manage all France, if you would bring it before him;" but he was one man in a generation. A general should not be given up as incapable because he fails in the command of a large army. He may do as well as Napoleon himself with a small command. Probably few of our revolutionary generals would have been equal as a partisan leader to Marion. The great thing is to get the right man in the right place.

GENERAL HOUSTON.

A recent letter from General Houston, of Texas, to the *Richmond Enquirer*, defines his position as being thoroughly committed to the rebellion. He says that he was opposed to secession, but after the people of Texas had "acquiesced" in it, he performed "all the acts of a dutiful and loyal citizen of the Southern Confederacy." He further says:—

> Had I been disposed to involve Texas in civil war, I had it in my power, for I was tendered the aid of seventy thousand men, and means to sustain myself in Texas, by adhering to the Union; but this I rejected, and in return for the offer I gave my advice to the Federal Government that I wanted no money, I desired no office, and I wished for no troops; but if Mr. Lincoln was wise, and wished to confer a benefit upon the country, he would evacuate Forts Pickens and Sumter, recall all the Federal troops from Texas, and not take the counsel of such a man as General Scott, or his Administration would be disgraced. Notwithstanding this, when my message was reported to Mr. Lincoln, by his own messenger, it appeared that he did not believe that his agent had been faithful in the discharge of his trust in reporting my opinion. So strong was this belief that he immediately resolved to send another messenger and troops to the South. * *
>
> The time has been when there was a powerful Union sentiment in Texas, and a willingness on the part of many true patriots to give Mr. Lincoln a fair trial in the administration of the Federal Government. * * These times have passed by. If there is any Union sentiment in Texas now I am not apprised of it.
>
> When the millions of Persia invaded Greece, the Spartans were not more united in defence of their country and liberties than is Texas united in support of the Southern Confederacy.

It therefore appears by the above that the stories that the Administration had offered to support Houston, if he would remain loyal, were true: but that Houston rejected those offers. It is a rather curious fact that the principle of loyalty to the State governments works so differently in different cases. Thus Houston, a prominent Union man, supports the action of Texas—while Breckinridge, Buckner, and other ultra State loyalty men, do not support the action of Kentucky, but oppose it even by force of arms.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SEA. (LA MER.) From the French of M. J. MICHELET, of the Faculty of Letters, author of "A History of France," "Love," "Woman," "The Child," "The Insect," "The Bird," "Women of the French Revolution," &c., &c. Translated from the latest Paris edition. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York.

This book of the sea offers a great contrast to the grave and dry scientific treatises upon the subject to which we are accustomed, and even to the comparatively graphic work of Maury, from whose observations a considerable part of its data is drawn. Philosopher, historian, man of science, though Michelet be, he is pre-eminently a sentimentalist, and as a sentimentalist he has treated his present subject. His observations, facts and theories read like a romance. His heroes are the ocean itself and its denizens, from the microscopic atom to the higher organizations endowed with the gift of the "beautiful, warm, red blood," upon which he lavishes his eloquence.

Heroes, we have said, but in truth the word should be heroines. The author of "La Femme" and "L'Amour" has a fixed idea approaching mania, and that idea is femininity, maternity. The universe offers, one would think, no other phenomena to his mind. His impersonations of nature, animate and inanimate, become laughable, so saturated are they with this idea. From the sea herself, "the great prolific mother," "the violent and terrible mistress whom we must adore, but must also subdue," he pursues his theme through the creatures of the sea, the Polypes, the Medusa, that "delicious creature, with her visible innocence, and her rainbow of tender colors," who appears to M. Michelet to exert "the thousand attractions of an innocent and unconscious coquetry," even to his especial beloved one, the whale, whom he denominates "the great woman of the sea," "the same in organization and in sensitiveness," (we hope our lady readers are prepared with their best curtseys for this comparison,) "Fish above, and Woman beneath."

Upon this subject of the whale Michelet is great. The main purpose of his book would seem to be a pathetic plea that they may, for at least fifty years, be left at peace, to be happy and multiply, and wax great in their old way, before cruel harpooners invaded their peaceful lives. He eulogizes, in terms warmer than any he has reserved for his own species, their sweet dispositions, their excellent domestic virtues, and especially "the touching graces of maternity" manifested by the ladies of the family.

It is all very funny. That is the main impression we bring away from the perusal of the book; though it is doubtless a work evincing much scientific acquirement, and certainly succeeds in arraying useful facts in most attractive guise, and as such is a book to be welcomed by all interested in such knowledge.

The most decided objection we find to it is its constant reiteration of a misty and absurd philosophy about the universal soul which, the same in all, is endeavoring to ascend the scale of organization. It seems an obscure and feeble holding to the old doctrine of metamorphosis, but without the vitality of a real belief. We quote a passage, almost at random:

> "Not yet may God repose; a creation must rise above yours, ye Polypes, a thing which ye do not fear. That rival is not the tempest, you would brave it; nor the fresh water, you would build beside it. It is not even the earth, which by degrees is invading your constructions. What, then, is that other power? In yourself, in Polypes, there is an ambition to cease to be one. In your Republic there is a certain creature who, in constant anxiety and yearning, repeats that the perfection of this vegetating existence is not real life. It constantly dreams of a freer and more expanded life, navigating hither and thither, penetrating and viewing the unknown world even at the hazard of shipwreck; that thing is—the soul."

Can any sane being, not a Frenchman, define for us the meaning of this transcendental nonsense? We do not understand it, but we feel instinctively that it is unsafe and untrue nonsense. We presume it involves the theory of the gradual progression of creation from lowest to highest organization by virtue of a power inherent in matter and acting regularly. This theory, which when advocated some years ago in the work called "Vestiges of Creation," gained so many readers and so extensive a popularity, we supposed to have been quite set to rest by the geological discoveries in which we find the epochs of creation so strongly and distinctly marked, and with this universal law, that the most perfect specimens of the different epochs were those first deposited, while the species steadily degenerated from that until the time when the new order of existence rose to life. By what orderly law the Creator forms His will into actuality we cannot know, but we protest against the theory of unbroken and gradual progression which would make man the direct descendant of a monkey. We must make another extract illustrative of another phase of this same pantheistic absurdity. It needs no comment.

> "The whole lives of our Ocean children the Haliotides, pass in thinking, wishing, divining, hoping, or regretting their great lover, the Sun. Never seeing him, they yet, in their own fashion, certainly comprehend that that warmth, that glorious light comes to them from without, and from a great centre, powerful, fecund, beneficent. And they love that great, deeply-felt, though never seen central light, which caresses them, fills them with joy, floods them with life. First flower of instructive worship! Already they love and pray, who say the little word which the Holy prefers to all prayer—that *oh!* that heart-utterance which contents and pleases Heaven. When the Indian utters it at sunrise, he well knows that all that innocent world of mother-of-pearl, pearl, and humblest shells, utters it with him, from the depths of the seas!"

The poetic fancies with which Michelet adorns the life of the sea, are often very captivating. His descriptions palpitate with light and warmth. Here is a charming ocean landscape:—

> "When you gaze down upon a coral reef, you see the depths carpeted, many colored flowers with fungi masses of snowy brilliancy; every hill, every valley of the great deep, is variegated with a thousand forms and a thousand colors, from the ruddy and outstretched branches of the coral, to the deep, rich, velvety green of the Cariophylles or violets, which seek their food by the gentle motion of their richly golden stamens.
>
> "Above this lower world, as if to shade them from the too glowing kiss of the ardent sun, waves a whole forest of giant and dwarf trees and shrubs, and from tree to tree feathery spirals stretch and interlace like the loving and embracing tendrils of the vine, but finer in tendril, and infinitely more splendid in their variegated and contrasting, yet singularly harmonizing colors. The pearly shells of the molluscs reflect lights, now flashing and brilliant, and anon of a most tender delicacy. Strange fish, vast and curious monsters of the deep, move hither and thither in their many colored vestments of purple and gold and deep azure and delicate pink; and that delicate star, the Ophiure, agitates his delicate and elegant arms."

But his most enthusiastic fancies cluster about the pearl, fairest and purest of jewels. His description of it is a prose poem.

> "I fully understand what the sight of the pearl suggests of feeling and fancy to the charmingly untutored heart, the woman heart, that dreams, and fancies, and is stirred by a sweet and strange and uncomprehended emotion. That pearl is not exactly a person, but neither, on the other hand, is it exactly a thing. What adorable whiteness; no, call it not mere whiteness, but *candor*, virginal candor; no, not virginal, but better still. For your young virgins, sweet and modest as they are, have always a slight dash of young tartness and verdancy. No, the pearl's candor rather resembles that of the innocent young bride, so pure, yet so submissive to love.
>
> "No ambition to shine. Our pearl softens, almost suppresses its lights. At first, you see only a dull white; it is only when you have taken a second and closer glance that you discover its mysterious iris, its exquisite glancing and pure light.
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> "The son of the sea put his beautiful dream into his shell, the shell into the mother-of-pearl, and she into the pearl, which is but the concentration of herself.
>
> "But the pearl, we are told, only comes to her mother in consequence of some wound, some continued suffering which withdraws or absorbs all vulgar life into poetry.
>
> "I have been told that the great ladies of the East, more delicate and tasteful than our vulgar rich, shun the diamond, and allow their soft skin to be touched only by the pearl. And, in truth, the brilliancy of the diamond is not in accord with the light of love. A necklace and a pair of bracelets of fine pearls are the harmonious and true decorations for woman; instead of diverting the glance of the lover, they move him, make tenderness more tender—say to him—'No noise—let us love!' The pearl seems amorous of woman, and woman of the pearl. The ladies of the North, when they have once put on pearl ornaments, never afterwards remove them, but carry them night and day concealed beneath their attire. On very rare occasions, if the rich fur cape, lined with white satin chances to slip aside, we may catch a momentary glimpse of the happy ornament, the inseparable necklace."

With which clasp of pearls we think we will close our string of quotations.

NEWS ITEMS.

ALL the woollen factories in the country are now working as hard as they can, and many of the cotton factories are changing their machinery to make woollen goods. The machine shops cannot make machinery fast enough to supply the demand, nor does the country produce a proper supply of wool.

WE have a report from New York that the United States Government has sent large orders for army woollens to Europe, and that the news has caused great excitement among our manufacturers.

A DETACHMENT of cavalry and infantry, with one piece of artillery, has had a severe skirmish near Pilot Knob, Mo., and drove the rebels back with heavy loss. Our cavalry advanced and attacked the enemy, then retreated upon the infantry, who, having got their gun in position, the cavalry uncovered it, and the enemy, taken completely by surprise, fled.

THE Cincinnati Gazette states that General Cameron bore West with him an order from the President superseding Fremont, and directing Gen. Hunter to take command, the use of the order being discretionary with Cameron, but that the latter, being satisfied from what he saw of the necessity for a change, delivered the order, and that the change will take place next Tuesday. On the other hand advices from St. Louis, in the Cincinnati Commercial, contradict the recent statements about the fortifications, expenditures, &c.

THE Pacific telegraph line has been completed to Salt Lake city, and in a few days will be finished to San Francisco, so that the distant shores of the Pacific will be in direct communication with us by telegraph in a few days.

THE successor of Gen. Anderson in the leadership of the South-western column of the Federal forces in Kentucky must not be confounded with the Gen. Sherman of artillery notoriety, who is assigned to the command of the great Southern expedition about to sail from Annapolis.

ANOTHER officer has been ordered to the command of the blockading force off Charleston harbor, in place of the one now in command. This indicates that the report that the Nashville has run the blockade is credited in the Navy Department.

FREMONT is a Major General of the *regular* army. He outranks Wool, who is only Major-General by *brevet*.

☞ "It is a shame, husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes." "Don't say a word about it, wife; the least said the soonest mended."

SKIRMISH ON THE VIRGINIA SIDE OF THE POTOMAC—A GUN CAPTURED—REBEL COLONEL KILLED.

There was a pretty stiff skirmish on the 16th, at Harper's Ferry. Six companies were engaged, consisting of parts of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, Third Wisconsin and Thirteenth Massachusetts regiments, under command of Col. John W. Geary (of the 28th Penn.) and 3,000 rebels.

The rebels showed themselves on Bolivar Heights at Harper's Ferry, and commenced an attack with artillery upon three companies under Major J. P. Gould, stationed on the north side of the Potomac. A constant fire was kept up for some hours, when three companies of the Third Wisconsin Regiment crossed the river, formed into line, drove the enemy back, and succeeded in capturing one of their heavy guns.

They were, however, compelled to retreat, but in good order, to the river. They were then reinforced by three other companies, and with Col. Geary at their head, marched upon the enemy, and after hard fighting, drove them from their position, and recaptured the gun, a 32-pounder columbiad.

Our forces had but three pieces of artillery, and these were fired from this side of the river until the enemy retreated. The enemy had seven pieces, and five hundred cavalry, together with infantry. The enemy was completely routed and driven back some three miles. Our loss in killed and wounded is not over seven, and that of the rebels at least 150. Col. Ashby was at the head of the rebels.

The following dispatch was received by Col. Paine at the Relay House:—

"SANDY HOOK, Oct. 16.—I have just ridden into camp on a thirty-two pounder captured from the enemy at Bolivar.

"JOHN W. GEARY."

Some prisoners report a loss of not less than 150 killed and wounded. Our loss was only 4 killed and 7 wounded, one mortally, and one missing. Col. Geary was slightly wounded with a shell. The fight lasted five hours.

The infantry of the attacking force were Virginia militia. The Col. Ashby reported killed, is Col. Turner Ashby, of Fauquier, reported to be the best cavalry officer in the oligarchy's service.

The cannon captured is a fine new siege gun, well mounted, and in good order, with the exception of a fracture of one axle during the fight. It was stationed yesterday near the abutment of the bridge. When it was about being retaken by the rebels, a ten-penny nail was driven into the vent, which has already been drawn out.

The United States troops remained on the field all of Wednesday night and yesterday morning, having brought across the river the remainder of 10,000 bushels of wheat captured from the rebels' military depot, which they were about to transport to Leesburgh, an order was given for the whole force to retire to the Maryland side.

The Chaplain, who was taken prisoner, says that before he was captured eighty-seven were killed and wounded, and had been carried from the field. There was nothing positively known as to Col. Ashby having been killed, and it was not generally credited.

RENEWAL OF THE FIGHT.

The fight was renewed by the rebels on the 18th. Major Gould fired upon them with cannister from the Columbiad, which was captured from the rebels on Tuesday, and drove them back, but not until the vandals had burned the mill of Mr. A. H. Herr, and took the miller prisoner, who they charged with giving information to the Union troops of the 12,000 bushels of wheat being brought there to grind.

The firing was in progress when our informant left. The women and children were fleeing in great terror to the Maryland shore in anticipation of the town being burned.

SANDY HOOK, Oct. 18.—The mill of Messrs. Herr & Welsh, at Harper's Ferry, was burned to-day by the rebel forces under Col. Ashby, after our troops had taken 20,000 bushels of wheat from there, and retired to their original position opposite the Ferry, after the victorious engagement at Bolivar, Va.

Major Gould, in command of this post, ordered his three companies, C, I and K, and a detachment of Col. Geary's Pennsylvanians under arms.

Captain Tompkins, of the Rhode Island artillery, opened from the Maryland Heights with his battery against the rebels, while Captain Shriber, of the 13th Massachusetts volunteers, with his two twelve pounders, and the captured 32-pounder, attended to those appearing on Loudoun mountain. The rebels were driven back, so as to prevent the further destruction of Harper's Ferry, which is threatened by Col. Ashby.

The families remaining in Harper's Ferry are fast emigrating to Maryland.

DARNESTOWN, Oct. 17.—A gentleman from Berlin informs me that intelligence had reached the Point of Rocks to the effect that the enemy's forces, which retreated back to the foot of the mountains and the Shenandoah Valley, on the approach of the sickly season along the river line, have left their retreats, and are now pushing for the Potomac in large numbers. It is stated that they had reached Charlestown, and would make their appearance at every ford or crossing on the Upper Potomac. Should this intelligence be confirmed, (and I place credit in the statement,) it is not unlikely we may have some serious encounters before next week.

THE REPORTED ENGAGEMENT AT NEW ORLEANS.—In relation to the recent telegraphic account in the Norfolk papers we have nothing authentic yet. The Petersburg, Va., papers of the 15th have some further particulars concerning the reported engagement below New Orleans, and the particularity of the account would imply that there is really some truth in the statement. One of them says:

> "The Turtle, (iron plated, with sharpened prow under water,) ran against the Preble without firing a gun, and immediately sunk her by staving in her sides, she, in the meantime, being fired upon by the whole squadron, but the balls glancing from her iron form without effecting the least damage.
>
> "The Turtle then turned on the other two vessels, which, seeing the fate of their companion, endeavored to get out of the way, in which effort they were driven on shore, their crews deserting them. Com. Hollins, in his report, says he thinks he will be able to capture and carry them both into New Orleans.
>
> "The Preble cannot be raised. A large number of prisoners, arms, ammunition, &c., were taken during the action. Com. Hollins confirms the account of the defeat of Billy Wilson's Zouaves, on Santa Rosa Island. The city was illuminated in consequence of the news of the victory of Hollins."

The force of the Union fleet was 40 guns and 1,000 men, while the little Confederate mosquito fleet was 16 guns and 300 men.

☞ Viscount S. once met M. de V. and said to him:—"Is it true, sir, that in a house where I am thought to be witty, you said that I had no wit at all?" M. de V. answered:—"My lord, there is not a word of truth in all the matter. I never was in a house where you were thought to be witty, and I never had occasion to tell anybody you had no wit at all."

☞ FRENCH WIDOWS.—According to the recent French census only seven per cent. of widows marry again, while widowers enter the connubial state to twice that ratio. French widows it seems are not so dangerous as they are in this country.

☞ The gates which close the Southern ports—Fri-gates.

☞ Bulwer's *Last of the Barons* was not the last. There was one more Barron left, and we've got him in Fort Lafayette.

☞ By a new regulation of the French Ministry of War, one officer in every corps is to learn photography, so as to be able to take views of a country, or of objects, bridges, forts, cliffs, and the like, during a march or a campaign.

☞ A patriotic friend says he would prefer a Cavalry to an Infantry regiment, were he required to enlist, on account of the greater facilities for running. He could strike for his home with more effect.

☞ A good one is told of a Quaker volunteer, who was in a Virginia skirmish. Coming in pretty close quarters with a rebel, he remarked: "Friend, it's unfortunate, but thee stands just where I am going to shoot," and blazing away, down came secesh.

☞ A DEAR CHANGE.—From being a nation under the rule of an old Buck, the South is now reduced to a Stagnation.

☞ We may set it down as an axiom that disrespect to others is incompatible with self respect, and he who is indifferent to their feelings can have none but indifferent feelings of his own. The bitter word is not the strong word. The greatest vigor of thought or act is not violent; it breaks no law of courtesy. The lightning is silent and playful, it is the rent and wounded air that wails in thunder.

☞ An excellent character was engraven on the tombstone of a lady in these few words:

"She was always *busy* and always *quiet*."

☞ After asking your name in the state of Arkansas, the natives are in the habit of saying in a confidential tone:—"Well, now, what wer yer name before yer moved to these parts?"

RECAPTURE OF LEXINGTON.

Major White, with 150 men, has routed the rebel garrison of 300, and captured Lexington, with the sick and wounded, together with a quantity of guns, pistols, &c.

Price is believed to be on full retreat to Arkansas.

Several companies of the rebels have been routed by small parties of Union troops.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 20.—Work on the fortifications has not been suspended, and no order to that effect was ever issued.

THE POTOMAC.—Forty vessels went down on Sunday night—none of the shot fired at them struck.

THE SUMTER.—There is a doubtful rumor that this privateer has been captured by the Powhatan off Barbadoes.

MISSOURI.

IRONTON, Mo., Oct. 17.—No other bridge than that at Big River has been interfered with by the rebels on the Iron Mountain railroad, and no rebels are now known to be near the road.

The Eighth Wisconsin regiment is now here, and another regiment with Major Schoffield's battery of artillery is understood to be on the road, which will make this point secure against attack.

The rebels are reported in large force 25 miles below this point, but nothing definite is known as to their number or designs.

SYRACUSE, Mo., October 17.—A messenger from Gen. Fremont's head-quarters, now at Warsaw, on the Osage River, arrived to-day with despatches for Gen. McKinstry.

It was said that the Rebel General, Price, had made a stand in Cedar county, twenty-five miles from Osceola, with 20,000 well armed and disciplined troops, and a large force of irregular militia. On the arrival of Gen. Fremont at Warsaw, the opposite bank of the Osage river was filled with rebel horsemen, who were dispersed with a few rounds of cannister.

Gen. Fremont had begun preparations to lay a pontoon bridge across the Osage when the messenger left, and it was supposed his army would be across the river by Wednesday night. He was determined to push on with the utmost vigor, and would probably soon come up with the enemy, and force him to fight or retreat.

The county town of Cedar county, where Price is preparing for battle, is called "Fremont." Major-General Fremont may have his first great battle at or near a town named after him.

Gen. Siegel's advance is already across the Osage. His cavalry to-day had a skirmish with one of the enemy's mounted parties, and took three prisoners. He is in possession of the bridge over the Pomme de Terre river, with infantry and artillery. The main body of the enemy is reported to be forty-five miles distant.

SYRACUSE, Mo., Oct. 18.—The rebel General, Hardee, who has recently been reported in Kentucky, is said to be marching to the aid of Gen. Price with twenty thousand troops, and is expected to reach him by next Sunday.

Nothing has been heard from our advance guard beyond the Osage, to-day.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 17.—The Democrat learns that Dr. Wimer, Surgeon of the Twenty-third Illinois Regiment, of Col. Mulligan's Brigade, started on Wednesday, by order of Gen. Curtis, for Gen. Price's headquarters, with an offer to effect the liberty of Col. Mulligan, by tendering in his place the release of Gen. Frost, who was taken after the capture of Camp Jackson, from his parole of honor. We hear also that a like exchange will be tendered for Col. Bowen.

Adjutant General Smith has raised over 10,000 men for the Missouri State Militia, and thinks he will be enabled in due season to obtain the remainder of the 42,000.

FROM WASHINGTON.

The reports about the rebel army being in full retreat for Manassas are founded on conjecture. At least nothing of it is known in quarters most entitled to confidence.

As stated in a previous dispatch, a large reconnoitering party proceeded as far as Vienna, but returned before Gen. McClellan had quite reached the village.

Gen. Wadsworth went within a mile and a half of Fairfax Court House, with a comparatively small escort. From observations, it was conjectured that the rebel force there was composed of about two regiments of infantry and a battalion of cavalry. The escort was fired on, but reached their camp without resorting to any extraordinary haste.

From a gentleman who is presumed to possess the best opportunities of judging, it is ascertained that the enemy has been alternately retiring and advancing within a breadth of five or six miles of our lines.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM MISSOURI.

DEFEAT OF THE REBELS ON LYNN CREEK—300 PRISONERS CAPTURED—GEN. FREMONT AT WARSAW—PRICE REINFORCED BY McCULLOCH, AND FORTIFYING OSCEOLA.

SYRACUSE, Mo., Oct. 20.—It is reported that acting General Wyman, who left Rolla several days since, with about 2,500 men, has arrived at Lynn creek, where he dispersed a body of rebels, killing a considerable number and taking over 200 prisoners. He also captured 18 wagon loads of goods belonging to McClurg & Co., a prominent Union firm, whom the rebels had robbed.

The advices from Gen. Fremont are to 7 o'clock on Friday night. He is still at Warsaw, and the pontoon bridge across the Osage was to be finished on Saturday.

General Siegel's division had crossed the river.

It was reported in our camp at Warsaw that General Price had been largely reinforced by the rebels under McCulloch, and that the combined forces were fortifying Osceola, where they intended to give Fremont battle.

FROM WASHINGTON.

FORWARD MOVEMENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVE.—WASHINGTON, October 20.—The entire division of the Pennsylvania reserves, under the command of Gen. McCall, moved forward about twelve miles yesterday afternoon, leaving their tents behind at Lewinsville. The Pennsylvania troops, when a battle does take place, will be foremost in the conflict. They are now far in the advance of all the other troops. Col. Campbell's regiment of artillery are with the reserves, who are now encamped on the Leesburg turnpike in the neighborhood of Drainesville.

It is reported that Gen. McClellan is about to establish his headquarters at Ball's cross roads.

Col. Friedman's cavalry yesterday brought in a rebel who offered $1,000 reward for one of our guides.

THE BLOCKADE OF THE POTOMAC.—The report from the steamtug Resolute, that the rebels had stretched a chain across the Potomac, near Budd's point, proves to be untrue, as has been ascertained by careful inquiry in responsible quarters.

Since last Tuesday, when the rebel batteries first regularly opened fire, about fifty vessels have reached Washington and Georgetown. The schooner loaded with hay, cement and furniture, which yesterday fell into the hands of the rebels, is the first casualty of that kind, and was alone owing to the breaking of the hawser by which it was fastened to the Resolute, and drifting towards the Virginia shore. The other vessels in tow arrived here safely with the Resolute, notwithstanding the attack from the battery upon them.

The tug Murray came up during last night with schooners in tow. They escaped unhurt, though fired upon. The Murray returned the compliment.

The schooner John Beatty, from New York, loaded with hay and cement for the Government has also been captured.

The proof that the Potomac is closed is afforded by the fact that the United States gunboat Union, which went down the river from Washington on Friday night, with a paymaster on board, destined for Fortress Monroe, was obliged to return, reporting that she found it impossible to get past the formidable batteries which the rebels have opened. Her commander reports that several new batteries have been erected on the Virginia banks of the river.

INSTRUCTIONS TO BRITISH CONSULS IN BLOCKADED PORTS.—Lord Lyons has addressed a brief circular to her Majesty's consuls in the Southern States, enclosing the following as embodied in the official note of the Secretary of State, viz.:

> "The law of blockade which does not permit a vessel in a blockaded port to take on board cargo after the commencement of the blockade, will be expected to be strictly observed by all vessels blockaded by the naval forces of the United States."

Lord Lyons instructs those consuls to take this law for their guidance.

THE Hawaiian Government has declared its strict neutrality in the American war, and will not allow privateers to enter its harbors.

By the steamship Ætna, off Cape Race, we have later news from Europe. Cotton closed firm, breadstuffs had an upward tendency, and provisions were quiet but steady. It was reported that the Prince Napoleon had sent the Emperor of France an important State paper on American affairs. The King of Prussia had paid a two days' visit to the Emperor Napoleon.

DEATH OF THOMAS WILDEY.—BALTIMORE, Oct. 19.—The venerable Thomas Wildey, the founder of Odd Fellowship, died at his residence in this city this morning, very suddenly.

☞ THE LONDON SHOEBLACKS.—Nine years have elapsed since this branch of labor was introduced, and these boys, it is said, have earned about £11,950. Their united earnings for the last financial year amounted to £4,548—a sum representing the blacking and polishing of no less than 1,119,320 pairs of boots.

☞ A BEAUTIFUL FANCY.—In the Legend of the Tree of Life, published in New York, 1776, occurs the following:—"Trees and woods have twice saved the world—first by the *ark*, then by the *cross*; making full amends for the evil fruit of the tree in Paradise, by *that* which was borne on the tree in Golgotha."

☞ A lady lately received a letter from her daughter, living in Virginia, inquiring if her brother, who was on a sea voyage, had yet returned, and adding, in good faith, that "she presumed not, as the Northern ports were so closely blockaded by the *Southern war vessels* that it would be impossible for his ship to get into port."

☞ Sir Bouchier Palk Wrey, Bart, has made over the whole of the game of his North Devon property, in the parishes of Tawstock, Tawton, Justow and Braunton, to the occupying tenants, on payment of a small sum for each farm per acre per annum.

☞ Nothing can be had in this world without paying its price. The foolish mother fears to let her son pursue the natural sports befitting his age, lest he should be run over or drowned. She will not pay the price of bravery and manliness, and therefore her child grows up a cowardly booby.—*Emerson.*

☞ In the first five regiments of Connecticut, there were but four men who could not write their names. These "mudsills" of Connecticut have to fight Southern gentlemen like those taken at Fort Hatteras, where, in a company of sixty-four, but five were able to sign their names to the roll.

☞ Time is like a creditor who allows ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last.

THE DYING WIFE.

Lay the babe upon my bosom, let me feel his sweet, warm breath,
For a strange chill o'er me passes, and I know that it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure, scarcely given ere I go,
Feel his rosy dimpled fingers wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters, but a blessed shore appears—
Kneel beside me, husband, dearest, let me kiss away thy tears;
Wrestle with thy grief, as Jacob strove from midnight until day;
It may leave an angel's blessing when it vanishes away.

Lay the babe upon my bosom, 'tis not long he can be there—
See! how to my heart he nestles—'tis the pearl I love to wear;
If in after years beside thee sits another in my chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music, and my face than hers less fair;

If a cherub call thee father, far more beautiful than this,
Love thy first-born, oh, my husband, turn not from the motherless.
Tell him sometimes of his mother—you will call him by thy name—
Shield him from the wiles of sorrow—if he errs, oh, gently blame.

Lead him sometimes where I'm sleeping, I will answer if he calls,
And my breath will stir his ringlets when my voice in blessing falls,
His soft, blue eyes will brighten with a wonder whence it came,
In his heart, when years pass over, he will find his mother's name.

It is said that every mortal walks between two angels here,
One records the ill, but blots it, if before the midnight drear,
Man repenteth; if uncancelled, then he seals it for the skies,
And the right hand angel weepeth, bowing low with veiled eyes.

I will be his right hand angel, sealing up the good for Heaven,
Striving that the midnight watches find no misdeed unforgiven.
You will not forget me, darling, when I'm sleeping 'neath the sod—
Love the babe upon my bosom, as I love thee—next to God.

THE TALE HE TOLD THE MARINES.

Now mind, I will not guarantee the truth of this. I can only tell it you as he told it us. It sounds improbable, certainly, but no one can say it is impossible. What is there to prevent a lady, if she is so inclined, from ——? But that would spoil the story. And there is no law of nature, I suppose, to restrain a man who is so devoid of gentlemanly feeling as he is ——. But that would tell you what is coming. It is no good saying he was intoxicated, because I defy you to get drunk on sherry and soda-water; and to lay it to the heat of the season is absurd, for it was a remarkably cool evening for August. No! Jenkyns is a man who has had some strange experiences, and this was not the least strange among them. Still, mind, I will not guarantee the truth of this; though, by the way, you don't often find a man tell the same tale twice in exactly the same way, if it is not true, and I have heard him tell this twice. The first time was at a dinner at Lord ——. Well, it does not matter where. It is sometimes advisable not to mention proper names. I don't think mentioning this would do any harm, though—at a dinner at Lord's cricket-ground, and the second time was on the occasion of which I am speaking, when I found him drinking sherry and soda-water and smoking cheroots with three officers of marines, one of whom, with five gloves (lady's six-and-a-half) and a withered rose before him, was telling how—"after leading me on in this way, after gaining my young affections in this treacherous manner, by Jove! sir, she throws me over, and marries Blubber."

"It's like the sex," said the second marine.

"It's woman that sejuices all mankind," said the third Marine.

"It reminds me of what once happened to myself," said Jenkyns; "you know the story," he continued, turning to me. "So just order yourself some sherry and soda-water; ah! and while you are about it order some for me too, and you can pay for them both when they come; then I shan't be put out. Paying for anything always puts me out. Thank you! I'll try one of your cigars. Well! gentlemen," turning to the Marines, "some time ago I was staying with Sir George P——, P—— House, P——shire. Great number of people there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, everything in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her. For she was a girl to whom the epithet 'stunning' applies better than any other that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like Charon, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus. I've even seen her smoke."

"One good point in her character, at any rate," said the third Marine.

"Just like the sex!" said the second Marine.

"Ah! she was a stunner," continued Jenkyns, "you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together, danced together, sang together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day, when we were out together fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees among the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife.

"'Don't be a fool!' she said 'Now drop it, do! and put me a fresh worm on.'

"'Oh! Fanny,' I exclaimed; 'don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say—'

"'I tell you what it is, now,' she replied, angrily, 'if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat.'

"Gentlemen," said Jenkyns, with strong emotion, "I did not drop it; and I give you my word of honor, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. 'Jenkyns!' said I to myself, 'revenge! revenge!' I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. Pulled to the bank, went to the house, and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table, I perceived that everyone had been informed of my ducking—universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbor, and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. 'Jenkyns!' said I, 'revenge!' The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the æronaut. I instantly took my plans; bribed the æronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon, though I understood that pretty well before, and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Everything was ready, when the æronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him to see that he was properly attended to. Fanny was in despair.

"'Am I to lose my air expedition?' she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car, 'Some one understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom!' she called out to me, 'you understand it, don't you?'

"'Perfectly!' I answered.

"'Come along then!' she cried, 'be quick; before papa comes back.'

"The company in general endeavored to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation, I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed, and said:

"'How jolly!'

"We were higher than the highest trees and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.

"'I understand the going up part,' I answered, 'to come down is not so easy,' and I whistled.

"'What do you mean?' she cried.

"'Why, when you want to go up faster, you throw some sand overboard,' I replied, suiting the action to the word.

"'Don't be foolish, Tom,' she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling uncommonly.

"'Foolish!' I said. 'Oh, dear no! but whether I go along the ground or up in the air I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know. Go it, you cripples!' and over went another sand-bag.

"'Why, you're mad, surely,' she whispered in utter terror, and tried to reach the bags, but I kept her back.

"'Only with love, my dear,' I answered, smiling pleasantly; 'only with love for you. Oh, Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife.'

"'I gave you an answer the other day,' she replied; 'one which I should have thought you would have remembered,' she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

"'I remember it perfectly,' I answered, 'but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags—I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand-bag—so, lady fair, as the cabmen would say, reconsider your decision, and consent to become Mrs. Jenkyns.'

"'I won't!' she said; 'I never will! and, let me tell you, that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus.'

"'You acted in a very lady-like way the other day, did you not,' I rejoined, 'when you knocked me out of the boat?' She laughed again, for she was a plucky girl, and no mistake—a very plucky girl. 'However,' I went on, 'it's no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?'

"'Never!' she answered; 'I'll go to Ursa Major first, though I've got a big enough bear here, in all conscience. Stay! you'd prefer Aquarius, wouldn't you?'

"She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkyns was to his country); but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through, so I threw over another sand-bag, and whistled the Dead March in Saul.

"'Come, Mr. Jenkyns,' she said, suddenly, 'come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this.'

"I continued the execution of the Dead March.

"'But if you do not begin the descent at once I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground.'

"I laughed, seized another bag, and, looking steadily at her, said:

"'Will you promise to give me your hand?'

"'I've answered you already,' was the reply.

"Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.

"'I thought you were a gentleman,' said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath; 'I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken; why, a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?'

"I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of Anger or Boadicea—if you can fancy that personage in a balloon—she said:

"'I command you to begin the descent this instant!'

"The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence I took up another bag, and said:

"'We are getting rather high, if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise me your hand?'

"She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said:

"'Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day! It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you.'

"'Not a wife?' said I.

"'I can't! I can't!' she answered.

"Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me, after all; for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said:

"'Fanny, they say that marriages are made in Heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnized there.'

"I took up the fifth bag.

"'Come,' I said, 'my wife in life, or my companion in death! Which is it to be?' and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms, as if it had been a baby.

"'Come, Fanny, give me your promise!'

"I could hear her sobs. I'm the most soft-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and, I confess, she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying: 'Dearest Fanny: forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you will. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables—endow with your priceless beauty the Chief of the Panki-wanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkyns is your slave—your dog—your footstool. His duty, henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order—to do whatever you shall command.' I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:

"'You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand.'

"'With all your heart?' I asked, quickly.

"'With all my heart,' she answered, with the same strange look.

"I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car, and opened the valve. The balloon descended.

"'Gentlemen,' said Jenkyns, rising from his seat in the most solemn manner, and stretching out his hand, as if he were going to take an oath: 'Gentlemen, will you believe it? When we had reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master—when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned towards her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my ear, which she assured me had been given with all her heart.'

"'You villain!' said Sir George, advancing towards me with a horse-whip in his hand. 'You villain! I've a good mind to break this over your back.'

"'Sir George,' said I, 'villain and Jenkyns must never be coupled in the same sentence; and as for the breaking of this whip, I'll relieve you of the trouble,' and, snatching it from his hand, I broke it in two, and threw the pieces on the ground. 'And now I shall have the honor of wishing you a good-morning. Miss P——, I forgive you.' And I retired.

"'Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?'

"'As I said before, it's like the sex,' said the second Marine.

"'Yes, all mankind is sejuiced by woman,' said the third Marine.

"'It's just my case over again,' said the first Marine. 'After drawing me on in that way—after gaining my affections in that treacherous manner, by Jove! sir, she goes and marries Blubber!'"

Well, it does sound improbable, certainly—very improbable. But, I said before I began, that I would not guarantee the truth of it. Indeed, if you ask my candid opinion, I don't think it is true, but yet the *Marines believed* it.

☞ It is but a step from cunning to knavery; lying makes the whole difference—add that to cunning, and it is knavery.

☞ Let childen honor their parents, and their parents will honor them.

PEARLS AND MOCK PEARLS.

[In a recent number of the "London Quarterly Review," is a very interesting article entitled "The Pearls and Mock Pearls of History," from which we make the following extracts. The article in question seeks to separate truth from fiction, as shown in the trite sayings and last words of distinguished persons. It also quotes parallel passages of celebrity, and endeavors to prove that there is actually but little that is new under the sun.]

MAID OF MUNSTER.

We are gravely told, on historical authority, by Moore, in a note to one of his Irish "Melodies"—

> "Rich and rare were the gems she wore;"

that during the reign of Brian, King of Munster, a young lady of great beauty, richly dressed, and adorned with jewels, undertook a journey from one end of the kingdom to another, with a wand in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such was the perfection of the laws and the government that no insult was offered to her, nor was she robbed of her clothes and jewels. Precisely the same story is told of Alfred, of Frothi, King of Denmark, and of Rollo, Duke of Normandy.

NELSON AND COLLINGWOOD.

The naval history of England affords a striking example of the sympathizing spirit of noble emulation. "See," cried Nelson (at Trafalgar), pointing to the Royal Sovereign, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it, and engaged a three-decker, "see how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action." Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!"

FEMALE PORTERS.

Another romantic anecdote fluctuating between two or more sets of actors, is an episode in the amours of Emma, the alleged daughter of Charlemagne, who, finding that the snow had fallen thick during a nightly interview with her lover, Eginhard, took him upon her shoulders and carried him to some distance from her bower, to prevent his footsteps from being traced. Unluckily, Charlemagne had no daughter named Emma or Imma; and a hundred years before the appearance (in 1600) of the "Chronicle" which records the adventure, it had been related in print of a German Emperor and a damsel unknown. Let us hope, for the honor of the fair sex, that it is true of somebody. Fielding, after recording an instance in which Joseph Andrews's muscular powers enable him to insure the safety of Fanny, exclaims,—"Learn hence, my fair countrywomen, to consider your own weakness, and the many occasions on which the strength of a man may be useful to you;" and he exhorts them not to match themselves with spindle-shanked beaux and *petit maitres*. Could we put faith in Emma's exploit, it might justify an exhortation to the male sex to give the preference to ladies strong enough to carry a husband or lover on an emergency; especially when we remember the story of the women of Weinberg, who, when that fortress was about to be stormed, obtained permission to come out, carrying with them whatever they deemed most valuable, and surprised the besiegers by issuing from the gate, each carrying her husband on her back.

CANUTE AND FAIR ROSAMOND.

The story of Canute commanding the waves to roll back, rests on the authority of Henry of Huntingdon, who wrote about a hundred years after the death of the Danish monarch. Hume treats the popular legend of Fair Rosamond as fabulous. According to Lingard, instead of being poisoned by Queen Eleanor, she retired to the convent of Godstow, and, dying in the odor of sanctity, was buried with such marks of veneration by the nuns as to provoke a rebuke from their diocesan.

BLONDEL.

Blondel, harp in hand, discovering his master's place of confinement, is also a fancy-picture; for the seizure and imprisonment of Richard were matters of European notoriety. What is alleged to have befallen him on his way home has found its appropriate place in "Ivanhoe;" and the adventures of monarchs in disguise, from Haroun Alraschid to James V. of Scotland, so frequently resemble each other, that we are compelled to suspect a common origin for the majority.

OUR PILGRIM FATHERS.

Miss Aikin was, we believe, the first to demolish the credibility of the celebrated story that Cromwell, Hampden and Arthur Hazelrig, despairing of the liberties of their country, had actually embarked for New England (in 1638), when they were stopped by an order in council. The incident is not mentioned by the best authorities, including Clarendon; and there is no direct proof that either of the three belonged to the expedition in question, which, after a brief delay, was permitted to proceed with its entire freight of pilgrims.

THE LADY IN GREEN.

There is a story of Sully's meeting a young lady, veiled and dressed in green, on the back stairs leading to Henry's apartment, and, being asked by the King whether he had not been told that his Majesty had a fever, and could not receive that morning,—"Yes, sire, but the fever is gone; I have just met it on the staircase dressed in green." This story is told of Demetrius and his father.

JUST IN TIME.

The Emperor Adrian meeting a personal enemy the day after his accession to the throne, exclaimed, "*Evasisti*," ("You have escaped.") Philip, Count of Bresse, becoming Duke of Savoy, said, "It would be shameful in the Duke to revenge the injuries done to the Count." Third in point of time is the better-known saying of Louis XII.:—"The King of France does not revenge the injuries of the Duke of Orleans." Instead of being uttered in this laconic form to the Duc de la Tremouille, it formed the conclusion of an address to the deputies of the city of Orleans, who were told "that it would not be decent or honorable in a King of France to revenge the quarrels of a Duke of Orleans."

HYDER ALI AND EDWARD III.

The right wing of Hyder Ali's army, in action against the English under Colonel Baillie, was commanded by his son, and intelligence arrived that it was beginning to give way. "Let Tippoo Saib do his best," said Hyder; "he has his reputation to make." What is this but the reply of Edward III. when exhorted to succor the Black Prince at Crecy?

COUNTING THE DEAD.

Florus, describing the battle in which Catiline fell, says, "*Nemo hostium bello superfuit.*" The day after the battle of Rocroy, a French officer asked a Spaniard what were the numbers of the veteran infantry before the battle. "You have only," replied he, "to count the dead and the prisoners." A Russian officer being asked the number of the troops to which he had been opposed, pointed to the field of death, and said, "You may count them; they are all there."

CAME, SAW, AND CONQUERED.

The *veni, vidi, vici*, of Cæsar has given rise to an infinity of imitators; one of whom has improved upon it. John Sobeiski, after relieving Vienna in 1683, announced his victory over the Turks to the Pope in these words:—"*Je suis venu, j'ai vu, Dieu a vaincu*"—"I came, I saw—God conquered." Cardinal Richelieu acknowledged the receipt of a Latin work dedicated to him thus: "*Accepi, legi, probavi.*"

CÆSAR.—WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

When Cæsar slipped and fell, on landing in Africa, he is reported to have exclaimed: "Land of Africa, I take possession of thee!" Thierry, in his "History of the Norman Conquest," says:—"The duke (the conqueror) landed the last of all; the moment his foot touched the sand, he made a false step, and fell on his face. A murmur arose, and voices cried, 'Heaven preserve us! a bad sign.' But William, rising, said directly, 'What is the matter? What are you wondering at? I have seized this ground with my hands, and by the brightness of God, so far as it extends, it is mine, it is yours.'"

EDWARD THE THIRD.

Froissart relates that Edward the Third fell with such violence on the sea-shore at La Hogue that the blood gushed from his nose, and a cry of consternation was raised; but the king answered quickly, and said, "This is a good token for me, for the land desireth to have me;" "of the which answer his men were right joyful."

MISTAKEN.

Voltaire, speaking highly of Haller, was told that he was very generous in so doing, since Haller said just the contrary of him. "Perhaps," remarked Voltaire, after a short pause, "we are both of us mistaken." Libanius writes to Aristænetus:—"You are always speaking ill of me. I speak nothing but good of you. Do you not fear that neither of us shall be believed?" "Themistocles in his lower fortune leaned to a gentleman who scorned him; when he grew to his greatness, which was soon after, he sought to him. Themistocles said:—"We are both grown wise, but too late."

STRIKE, BUT HEAR.

If all the good sayings attributed by Plutarch to Themistocles really beloged to him, they would suffice to place him among the wisest and wittiest men of antiquity. But Plutarch, like Voltaire, seldom resists the temptation of a good story; and even the celebrated "Strike, but hear!" is shaken by the fact that Herodotus, the earliest reporter now extant of the debate of the admirals, makes no mention of the speech, and represents Adeimantus, the Corinthian admiral, as the person with whom Themistocles had an altercation upon that occasion; while Plutarch puts the Lacedæmonian admiral, Eurybiades, in the place of Adeimantus; and adds the incident of the intended blow arrested by the words "Strike, but hear!"

THE EGG TRICK.

"When Columbus," says Voltaire, "promised a new hemisphere, people maintained that it could not exist; and when he had discovered it, that it had been known a long time." It was to confute such detractors that he resorted to the illustration of the egg, already employed by Brunelleschi when his merit in raising the cupola of the cathedral of Florence was contested.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

The anecdote of Southampton reading the "Faery Queen," whilst Spenser was waiting in the antechamber, may pair off with one of Louis the Fourteenth. As this munificent monarch was going over the improvements of Versailles with Le Notre, the sight of each fresh beauty or capability tempts him to some fresh extravagance, till the architect cries out that, if their promenade is continued in this fashion, it will end in the bankruptcy of the state. Southampton, after sending first twenty, and then fifty guineas, on coming to one fine passage after another, exclaims, "Turn the fellow out of the house, or I shall be ruined."

COLD, NOT FEAR.

In the scene of "Henry the Fourth," where Lord Say is dragged before Cade, we find:—

> "Dick.—Why dost thou quiver, man?
> Say.—The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me."

On the morning of his execution, Charles the First said to his groom of the chambers, "Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary, by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation; I fear not death." As Bailly was waiting to be guillotined, one of the executioners accused him of trembling. "I am cold," ("*J'ai froid*,") was the reply.

NOT GREAT ENOUGH.

Frederick the Great is reported to have said, in reference to a troublesome assailant: "This man wants me to make a martyr of him, but he shall not have that satisfaction." Vespasian told Demetrius, the Cynic, "You do all you can to get me to put you to death, but I do not kill a dog for barking at me." This Demetrius was a man of real spirit and honesty. When Caligula tried to conciliate his good word by a large gift in money, he sent it back with the message—"If you wish to bribe me, you must send me your crown." George the Third ironically asked an eminent divine, who was just returned from Rome, whether he had converted the Pope? "No, sire, I had nothing better to offer him."

INCENSE AND MUSIC.

Cardinal Ximenes, upon a muster which was taken against the Moors, was spoken to by a servant of his to stand a little out of the smoke of the harquebus, but he said again that "that was his incense." The first time Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, was under fire, he inquired what the hissing he heard about his ears was, and being told it was caused by the musket balls, "Good," he exclaimed, "this henceforth shall be my music."

ANGELS AND POPE.

Pope Julius the Second, like many a would-be *connoisseur*, was apt to exhibit his taste by fault-finding. On his objecting that one of Michael Angelo's statues might be improved by a few touches of the chisel, the artist, with the aid of a few pinches of marble dust, which he dropped adroitly, conveyed an impression that he had acted on the hint. When Halifax found fault with some passages of Pope's translation of Homer, the poet, by the advice of Garth, left them as they stood, but told the peer that they had been retouched, and had the satisfaction of finding him as easily satisfied as his Holiness.

FREE AND EQUAL.

When Lycurgus was to reform and alter the state of Sparta, in the consultation one advised that it should be reduced to an absolute popular equality; but Lycurgus said to him, "Sir, begin it in your own house." Had Dr. Johnson forgotten this among Bacon's "Apopthegms" when he told Mrs. Macaulay, "Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing, and, to give you an unquestionable proof, madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us."

WHO SHOULD TREMBLE?

In allusion to Napoleon's shaving, Talleyrand observed to Rogers—"A king by birth is shaved by another. He who makes himself *roi* shaves himself." A prince by birth, the great Conde, was shaved by another, and one day, when submitting to this operation, he remarked aloud to the operator—"You tremble." "And you do not," was the retort. M. Suard supplies a curious parallel to this anecdote by one of an old and infirm *Milord Anglais*, who was going through the marriage ceremony with a young and lovely girl, and held her hand in his—"You tremble." "Don't you?"

FLATTERY.

Louis the Fourteenth is reported to have said to Boileau, on receiving his "Epistle" on the passage of the Rhine—"This is fine, and I should praise you more had you praised me less." Unluckily, Queen Marguerite (*la Reine Margot*) had already paid the same compliment to Brantome; and the palm among courtly *repartees* must be given to Waller's, on Charles the Second's asking him how it happened that his panegyric on Cromwell was better than his verses on the Restoration—"Poets, your Majesty, succeed better in fiction than in truth."

BURKE'S WIT.

It is unnecessary to repeat Wilkes's witty but profane remark on Lord Thurlow's exclaiming—"When I forget my King, may my God forget me." Lord John Russell states that Burke, on hearing this, remarked "And the best thing He can do for him."—One of Bacon's "Apopthegms" is—"Bion was sailing, and there fell out a great tempest, and the mariners, that were wicked and dissolute fellows, called upon the gods; but Bion said to them—'Peace! let them not know you are here.'"

FOUR INCIDENTS.

"In such partial views of early times," says Savigny, "we resemble the travellers who remark, with great astonishment, that in France the little children, nay, even the common people, speak French with perfect fluency." There is not a country in Europe, and hardly a county in England, where they are not ready to name some individual traveller by whom the same astonishment was expressed. The echo which politely replies, "Very well, I thank you," to the ordinary inquiry after health, may be heard (*mutatis mutandis*) in Gascony as well as at Killarney.—Who has not laughed at the story of the letter writer who concludes—"I would say more, but for an impudent Irishman who is looking over my shoulder, and reading everything I write," with the self-betraying denial of the Irishman? The story may be read in Galland's *Paroles Remarkables des Orientaux*. It is not impossible that this comic incident or fiction gave Frederick the Great the hint for the terrible *coup de theatre* in the tent of the officer who, when all lights had been forbidden under pain of death, was found finishing a letter to his wife by the light of a taper: "Add a postscript. Before this reaches you I shall be shot for disobedience of orders." And shot he was. Mrs. Norton has based a beautiful song upon this event, which is only too well attested.

OLD LETTERS.

In memory of the dear old times,
 Let's keep them, though the dear, dear hand
Which penned them be in far-off climes,
 Or in the silent spirit-land.
Think how the loving heart poured forth
 The warm sweet words now fading fast;
Then say not they are little worth,
 Although their light be of the past.

Oh! some calm, quiet, winter's night,
 When sitting by the cheerful blaze,
And poring with dimmed aching sight
 Over those relics of old days,
Poor wearied hearts may find relief
 In wandering back the paths of life,
Retasting each old joy or grief
 That cheered or chilled us in the strife.

With weird, wild throbbings Memory treads
 The chambers of the olden years,
And rouses from their narrow beds
 The shades of former smiles and tears;
And as the mists rise slowly up
 Through the long years that intervene,
We recognize the buried hope—
 The golden dream that might have been.

The oblivious pall is cast aside,
 And earlier visions meet our view;
Wild offspring of a young heart's pride,
 What wonder that they proved untrue!
And follies of the days of yore
 Revisit us with pain acute—
Youth's errors, since repented sore,
 And dearly paid for by their fruit.

In these dimmed, faded lines we trace
 The lineaments of one foregone;
This page recalls a fair young face—
 Young face! now old, and worn, and wan.
A casual word awakes a host
 Of bygones as old times draw nigher,
And dear ones whom we prized the most
 Seem sitting with us by the fire.

We read, and pleasant memories
 Of youth and friends are back once more—
We're sailing o'er life's summer seas,
 Or gathering pebbles on the shore.
The beautiful young days return;
 Soft sounds again salute our ears;
Long slumbering feelings waking burn,
 And thaw our icicles to tears.

For one short while, sweet withered flowers
 Are clothing life with earlier bloom,
And fond eyes shine, and hands clasp ours—
 Dear hands, long mouldering in the tomb.
Each creased and yellow-tinted page
 Seems gifted with a magic art,
Which half removes the weight of age,
 And soothes the weary laden heart.

Yet, as we lay them down, and thought
 Resumes again the loosened rein
Of fancy, how our minds are fraught
 With a sad pleasurable pain!
For, ah! how sadly we contrast,
 Whilst living o'er our lives again,
In the wan sunset of the past,
 The difference betwixt *now* and *then!*

Ah! *then* our hopes a promise bore,
 Our life-gate turned on smoothest hinge,
While Youth stood laughing at the door,
 Whence all things wore a golden tinge.
Now wearily we long to rest,
 To seek again our mother's side,
And lay our heads upon her breast,
 Or calmly die as she has died.

Ah well, if rightly understood,
 The moral these old letters give,
Doth wisely teach us 'twere not good
 For us that we should always live.
Yet lay the casket by; methinks
 That there be no true hearts would dare
Destroy those frail old half-worn links,
 Which bind us to the days that were. X.

LILIAN'S PERPLEXITIES.

A TALE IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY A. W. DUBOURG.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT THE IDOL WAS MADE OF.

In a boat on Brienz lake—then a lake of silver by reason of a large August moon—the cool evening of a hot day, flakes of silver sliding from the oars, rowlock noise and ripple, silver light alternating with deep black shade; in this boat on Brienz lake sat Charles Westby, Esquire, Barrister-at-law, and in the line of his eyes the sweetest half-length of a girlish figure, perfect outline dark against the molten silver of the lake.

Now, Charles Westby was intently considering what ought to be said and what ought not to be said in a certain matter, to wit, a Chancery suit in which he held a brief. This was an erroneous employment of time: firstly, because the subject on hand is the subject best worth thinking about, and the present occasion formed no exception to the rule; secondly, because an eminent member of the faculty had absorbed a guinea, shaken his head, and stated authoritatively—

"Mr. Westby, if you don't give up all business thoughts for two months, at least, I won't answer for the consequences."

"And your prescription?" asked Mr. Westby, desiring something tangible in return for the absorbed guinea.

"Here it is, sir; it is so simple that you won't require the intervention of a chemist."

The prescription consisted of three English words—"Go to Switzerland."

Mr. Westby did go to Switzerland, but the sanative property of the prescription did not lie in its letters. He colored everything with equity that he saw in his route—Paris architecture, Louvre pictures, Strasbourg cathedral, the pleasant Vosges mountain range seen from the second-class on the Strasbourg and Basle Railway, the swift green Rhine shooting beneath the balcony of the "Trois Rois" at Basle, and the sunrise on the Rigi.

"And pray, sir, what description of color is equity?"

I can't tell you, reader; it is impossible to describe color. Can you tell me what red is like, or green, or blue? You can't, and I can't tell you the color of equity. I state a fact—Mr. Westby colored everything with equity, and he found that the prescription was quite ineffective.

But there must be no light scorn thrown at Mr. Westby—a man cannot cast off the motive thoughts of life as a garment; they are knit in with the blood like the burning shirt of Hercules. Equity represented in his mind two great ideas—reparation and ambition.

Reparation—there was a long score of youthful idleness to be paid off. A heavy sum of money, ill afforded, had been spent almost uselessly on his education. From six years old to nineteen, the same thing had been said sorrowfully by his father—a good, kind Wiltshire clergyman with a narrow living—"Ah, Charles, if you only had the will you could learn anything." And his mother had said sadly, yet with hope, "I am sure Charles will apply one day."

That day of grace was slow in coming, and all but a mother's love would have grown skeptical. Anything but learning for Charles Westby—an idle, bird-nesting life in his early days—an idle, prankish life at school—a valuable exhibition, which would have lightened the burden of his college expenses, lost for want of application. Yet his good father would have him go to college, the household expenses of the rectory were cheerfully narrowed to support the son of the family, in the hope that repentance and application would be the results of home sacrifice. But the results were boating, not as a healthy recreation, but as an engrossing object, and profitless friends, and debts, their natural sequence.

The day of repentance came at last. It was a great question which was the best oar, Westby, of ——, or Jones, of ——. To decide the fact, Jones challenged Westby to a sculling match. Westby accepted the challenge. He ought to have refused. A sadly desponding letter had arrived from the rectory, deprecating his college life; he was touched by his father's indignant words, and his mother's gentle but reproachful postscript. Ought he to refuse the challenge? The "inner voice" said he ought, his friends said he ought not. Well, then, for the last time he would go into training, row the race, give up the water for ever, and become a reading man—his father and mother should have no more cause for grief on his account—this he firmly resolved on.

Both men were in splendid condition, doing their work capitally; the betting was even, there was nothing to choose between the two competitors, their friends backed them heavily, and the rowing men generally were deeply interested.

The race day arrived, the still moment of the start. They're off!—stroke for stroke, both boats as nearly even as possible; after a time Westby takes the lead slightly, but Jones puts on a spurt and goes ahead. Westby, rowing strong and steady, gradually regains the length Jones has made, and the boats are even again. Jones tries another spurt—a tremendous one—and goes a length and-a-half ahead; but Westby regains the distance in less time than before. It is evidently getting all up with Jones; his friends cheer him from the banks, but won't take the bets of Westby's party at two to one on their man.

Row on, Charles Westby, strong and steady; it is the last race you will ever row—you don't know it, but you are pulling for far more than a triumph over Jones and the honor of your college; every moment saved in the time of the race, you will prize beyond gold.

"He's won! Bravo, Westby! Fifty pounds in my pocket. Hurrah! That's Fred Temple speaking to him, his great chum—why he's fainted! They are carrying him ashore. Gad! the pace was killing."

It was not the pace that knocked up Westby, but the words of Frederick Temple, who bent down the moment the boat touched the shore, and whispered in his ear—his two ears tingling with the sound of triumph—the men who had won money on him hurrying with loud shouts to grasp his hands.

"Charles," whispered Temple, "they've sent to say your father is very ill—it's a bad business I fear."

Then the "inner voice" which had spoken when that last letter arrived from home spoke out again, loudly this time, so loudly that it hushed the noise of victory, and the sculls which he yet held fell away from his hands, and he sank back into the arms of those who had come to greet him, rushing knee-deep into the water in their eagerness and joy.

They got him to with brandy, covered him with boating coats and a great coat—there was no time to change the jersey and flannel trowsers, not a moment to lose, the train would start in a few minutes, and failing that train there would be a delay of many hours.

The messenger from home had luckily fallen in with Temple, who did not accompany his friend to the starting-place. It was too late to stop the race, indeed the race was the quickest mode, as Temple wisely determined, of getting Westby back again.

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They were waiting for Westby at the Rectory, very anxiously—the Rector lay in his bed, propped up with pillows, his wife and daughter by his bedside.

The doctor had said there was no hope—why only yesterday it had been all life and health and good spirits. No hope! hard words to realize by those anxious watchers at the bedside, with every happy incident of yesterday vividly fresh in their minds.

The Rector certainly possessed his senses, but they were absorbed in some great thought—for even when his wife or daughter spoke immediately in his ear he gently motioned them away. A neighboring clergyman, who had been hastily called in, ceased not to talk of religious matters in an earnest strain—praying and exhorting—his voice was quite loud at times, rising with the subject; and the sorrow of wife and daughter, notwithstanding all their efforts, would break restraint into loud sobs. The Rector heeded none of this, but when there was a distant rumble of wheels, he would start and faintly point to the window. To the window went mother and daughter, and they gazed on the bend of the white dusty road blurred to their vision by their tearful eyes, praying that it might be the fly bringing Charles from the railway—but time after time, amid clouds of dust, came tilted carts with market folks from Salisbury, or brisk driven farmers' gigs.

The clergyman was much distressed at the dying man's state of mind. He led Mrs. Westby aside, and whispered something of evident importance in her ear, and in reply to her hesitation he urged her—

"Ask him if he is now prepared—we must lose no precious time."

Mrs. Westby did as she was bidden, the Rector slightly inclined his head, and murmured the word "Charles."

Mrs. Westby told the clergyman that her husband only waited his son's arrival.

"This delay is very sad," said the clergyman, "his time is so short."

A message was brought to the room that some one who had wronged the Rector had sent to crave his forgiveness.

"Ay," said the clergyman, "at a period like this it is very meet that we should forgive all wrongs done to us. Pray explain it to him—Farmer Jones asks pardon for his conduct at the Church-rate meeting."

Mrs. Westby went to the bedside and repeated Farmer Jones's message.

"Mary," murmured the dying man. She took his hand in hers. "Mary," he repeated, and his daughter came close beside him.—Their hands were clasped together. The Rector made an effort to raise himself—there was a glow of joy in his countenance, exultation in his weak voice.

"Mary, *he will* repent—I know it—*know* it—God has heard my prayer—I'm very happy—my boy—my boy."

The hands held by his wife and child gradually lost their grasp. And then an hour's insensibility, and the end.

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When Charles Westby reached home he saw by the face of the servant that it was all over.

"*Missus* is with Miss Westby in her room, sir," said the girl. He would not let them be disturbed, but went directly to his father's room.

No affectionate greeting, no good counsel in kindly words, no more friendly admonition—a sweet smile on a placid face, and silence—that was all. Father and son were alone for a long time.

The clergyman, full of zeal, tried to comfort the women. He read some short passages from the Psalms and New Testament, very aptly chosen, and he wisely refrained from adding any words of his own, having ascertained by experience that at such periods God's own consolation was far better than any poor comfort which he could afford.

And then he thought it was a good time to speak to the young man. "He has been very thoughtless hitherto, far from correct in his conduct; I may, by God's blessing, make some impression on him."

So he joined himself to Charles Westby, who was pacing the gravel work by the house.

It was drawing on to night—a flush of sunset, dying into palest tinge of green, lingered beyond the dark outline of distant fir plantation which belted the downs to the west—darkness was slowly rising from the east and lighting the stars.

Charles Westby thanked the clergyman for his kind interest, but particularly desired to be alone; and consequently the clergyman, who was stored with pious admonitions, had to retire, not a little chagrined at the loss of so golden an opportunity of converting a soul. His regrets were needless—the turning point of life is from within. You may talk very eloquently, very wisely, you may press your words home—but repentance is deeper than conviction, and it is not until the man's own conscience speaks to his soul that the hour of repentance comes. "*I* will arise and go to my Father." Charles Westby's repentance had been already consummated in that hour's communion with the dead.

He wished to be alone—he could not share his feelings with either mother or sister; they had sorrow—he had sorrow and remorse. The last was very stinging: "You have wasted your father's slender substance—your mother and sister will suffer for this; they won't reproach you, but silence will be worse than words." He needed some anodyne to soothe the pangs he suffered. There was one—reparation. Ah, how he longed to be at work, even at that moment, repairing the past; it was a relief to revolve plans for the future. His college life had ended—no more funds to support him there; something in London. What? And he paced up and down the gravel path, many a time, with "what?" unsolved.

In the intensity of these thoughts his past life seemed to fade years back—his college hopes and plans—even the aquatic triumph, but a few hours old, and he was still dressed in his rowing garb, had lost the excitement of recent action. There was great lassitude in his frame, the result of that intense physical effort; yet with sorrow and remorse close at his heart sleep was impossible; and, worn as he was, that pacing to and fro, in the cool night air, was a relief.

* * * * * * * *

Charles Westby went to London—a few lines will tell the struggle of eight years—he got hard work and little payment, as a great favor, in a solicitor's office; he ate his "terms," supported himself, and sent something home out of his pittance. Then he gave up the solicitor's office, and obtained some parliamentary reporting in the evening, which enabled him to pursue his law reading by day.

It was a vast change at first from physical to mental effort—the muscles which had been developed by the use of the oar had to be attenuated by the use of the pen. But he had put his hand to the plough—there was no looking back on old habits and pleasures. Happily no temptation to do so, because remorse stood watch and ward over the past. At last came the reward of this hard struggle; labor was no longer a painful effort. His father's prediction was realized—he had acquired the *will* to learn, the key to his talent, and he had the intense gratification of finding that slowly but very surely he was attaining a sound knowledge of his profession.

Gradually the great object of his life grew to be law, not in the "warp" only, traversed with threads of lighter thought, but the "woof" was law as well.

Thus hours of relaxation would be spent in following the argument in this and that case: he would form his own judgment, waiting anxiously to find whether it concurred with the judgment of the court. Sometimes he and the judge were unanimous; sometimes, when they differed, there was an appeal to a higher tribunal, and once or twice, to his intense exultation, the joy of the successful suitor was scarcely greater; the judge's judgment was reversed, and his view of the case affirmed.

But why did not business come? True, he had no connection, but he did know some few lawyers—they might have discovered his talent, that firm at least in whose office he was when he first came to town—yet those who knew him best sent him least business, and, since his "call," they all seemed more or less to keep out of his way. Then he would be beset with heavy misgivings; perhaps, after all, he might be deceiving himself as to his power and talent; perhaps that hope—faith in future eminence—was a delusive dream; perhaps, notwithstanding the hard labor he had endured, mediocrity was to be his destiny.

Hard work by night, hard work by day, bent head, depressing doubt and fear, the unceasing wear of a gritty thought—law; it was too much, he had strange sensations in the head—so at last he was forced to consult a physician, who, with scarcely a question, read the case in his patient's countenance, and gave the Switzerland prescription.

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Hot walking and hard to the top of the Brunig Pass. Well, the view was fine certainly, Charles Westby was forced to admit that, but it had been a deuce of a pull up hill, and, after all, this Switzerland did not seem to do him much good: he could not get rid of that feeling in his head, notwithstanding he had entirely given up reading, as the doctor ordered, so very likely it was not the fault of the books. Now, if he had been at chambers this vacation time, some business might, in the absence of other men, have been driven into his hands; besides all this, travelling cost a mint of money—he could not afford pleasure yet—in a few years perhaps, when he had made a name; directly he got to Interlachen he would turn back by Berne to Strasbourg, and home. Such thoughts as these presented themselves as he was descending into the Hasli valley, with the giants of the Bernese range before his eyes.

A party on horseback, consisting of two ladies and a gentleman, with guides, porters, &c., had started in the morning rather earlier than Westby, and had kept about the same distance ahead of him throughout the day. About half way in the descent to Brienz he saw them stop suddenly, perhaps to enjoy the view, or rest; in a short time he came up with them. The whole party had dismounted; the gentleman, a middle-aged man, was sitting on the ground, evidently in pain; the two ladies knelt beside him; the guide and porters, a little apart, were holding a noisy consultation. The eldest lady addressed Westby—her husband had met with a terrible accident—her daughter, who was riding in front, had pulled up her horse rather suddenly; the horse had kicked out and struck her husband, who was riding close behind, severely below the knee; they feared the leg was broken—how should they ever be able to get to Brienz?

"I can't understand these guides," said the young lady, who was sadly agitated; "their French is full of German words. This delay is terrible for poor papa."

Both ladies prayed anxiously of Westby not to leave them. Such a request was, of course, needless, and his hearty promise of all assistance that lay in his power, seemed a staff of comfort. It was evidently impossible for the poor gentleman to ride again on horseback, and for the porters to have carried him over such rough ground, without proper supports, would have added intolerably to the pain which arose from the slightest movement of the leg.

Westby proposed to hurry down to Brienz, and make the best arrangement that he could for a *chaise-a-porteurs*. They gratefully accepted his offer.

In about two hours Westby returned with the *chaise-a-porteurs* and the best appliances he could procure for supporting the leg. There was, unfortunately, no doctor resident at Brienz. Westby's aid was invaluable; he saw with a quick eye what to do, and he had strength of arm to do it with great gentleness.

On inquiring at Brienz, Westby had found that the best medical advice of the district was to be obtained at Interlachen, and that it would be advisable, if the state of the accident allowed it, to proceed thither at once by water. Accordingly, when they arrived at Brienz, it was agreed, as the sufferer had borne the *chaise-a-porteurs* motion tolerably well, to go on directly to Interlachen; and a boat having been by the care of Westby carefully fitted up with pillows, they embarked on the lake.

How deeply they thanked him! The gentleman with painful effort, the elder lady from the depths of the heart, and that young girl—Ah! it was worth conferring an obligation to gain such heartfelt thanks—to see the expression in that young charming face, flushed with very intensity of feeling, and those blue eyes, looking full into his, with their earnest gaze of gratitude.

Well, that girl had a charming face, and if love had been the motive, deepest love could not have lent a more beautiful expression than the one he had witnessed; but fair faces were not his business yet; hard duty, money to add to his mother's and sister's pittance, that was his present business; so, sitting in that boat, the excitement of action being over, his thoughts flowed into their old channel, and Equity sat beside him, as the rowers—men and women—rowed down the silver water, timing the oars' stroke with rough lake-song.

They got safely to Interlachen. The sufferer was conveyed to the Hotel des Alpes. Herr Jacob, the manager, was very kind and assiduous in his attentions; the doctor presently reported, to the infinite relief of the ladies, that the leg was not broken, but the bruise was very severe, and in addition the ankle was severely sprained by the fall from the horse after the kick. The case would require some weeks' rest.

CHAPTER II.

THE IDOL ON A PEDESTAL.

The morning after the accident, Westby was seated at breakfast in the *salle-a-manger* of the Hotel des Alpes; he had determined, if his services were not likely to be of further use to the ladies, to start for Berne in the course of the day.

"Why, bless me, that's Westby!" exclaimed a voice near him.

Westby looked up; he did not for the moment remember the face, the light tawny beard and moustache.

"Fred Temple, isn't it?" he exclaimed, the next instant.

"Yes, old boy," was the reply, coupled with a hearty grasp of the hand.

They were delighted to meet again, schoolfellows and college friends—a full eight years since they had met last. They ought to have written, it is true; each blamed himself for not doing so; but neither was a letter-writing man.

"I know you cut college after I left, and went into the army," said Westby; "what have you been doing since?"

"Oh, shifting about here and there—England and Ireland and India. And you?"

"I've stuck to London and law."

"Dry work, eh?"

"At first, but I like it now."

"'Gad! The fellow who would hardly touch a book at school or college. What a change!"

"I am changed," replied Westby; "two minutes' sight of you tells me that. I can see your manhood is the sequence of your boyhood—light heart and dash; that was my boyhood, too. I've done a mass of headwork since then, nothing but that, and become leaden-spirited. Yours is the old face, fresh and beaming, a little burnt, perhaps—India, I suppose. I know my face is getting like parchment."

"Pooh! a trifle pale—interesting, the women would say."

"Pale! that's the incipient stage; the parchment yellow's sure to follow."

"Westby, old boy, I'm so glad we've met! The whole lot of us are here—Fairy, too; you recollect my sister, who was staying at my uncle's when you were on a visit there?"

"What! my fairy sweetheart, little Lilian?"

"Little! It must be ten years ago, recollect. You would not know her now. I only joined our party this morning, and there's the governor tied by the leg—deuced unlucky, poor man!—coming over the Brunig yesterday—"

"Could that have been Lilian?" exclaimed Westby.

"What! were you the fellow who got them out of the scrape? 'Gad! the women can't say enough about you!"

"I've found you at last, Fred," said a voice behind him.

"Here's Lilian!" exclaimed Temple, turning round. "Little Lilian! Don't you know him, Lilian?"

"Yesterday—"

"Years before yesterday," interrupted her brother. "Uncle Everard's!"

"What, Karlo Magno!" she exclaimed, with surprise.

"Yes, yes; Karlo Magno," replied Westby, laughing.

"I ought to say Mr. Charles Westby," replied Lilian, blushing.

"No, no!" said Temple; "call him Karlo Magno—your old name for him when they were teaching you German history."

Westby inquired for Mr. Temple, who he found had passed a very fair night, the doctor speaking most favorably of his condition.

"How oddly things do come about!" said Temple. "Do you recollect that old plan of yours, Lilian—travelling on the Continent with Karlo Magno and myself—no governess or lessons?"

"That was a child's fancy, Fred."

"It's come true, nevertheless."

"I think of returning to-day," said Westby.

"Nonsense, man. What for?"

"Oh, they said I had been over-working—perhaps I have—that I looked ill—that I'd better travel for a while; but it don't do any good."

"Give it time; your head is chock full of stuffy thoughts, I'll bet. Half-an-hour's thinking gives me a headache."

"I'm sure you never tried the effect of that length of thought, Fred," said Lilian, laughing.

"Then I act all the quicker, you rogue.—Come now, Westby, we'll engage to clear the cobwebs out of your head in no time. Won't we, Lilian?"

"That we will! Recollect, Mr. Westby, the old plan was to have nothing to think about—pleasure all day."

"Nothing to think about!" exclaimed Westby. "Query, would a mental vacuum be pleasure?"

"I mean not to think about troublesome, bothering things," replied Lilian.

Westby consented to remain at Interlachen for a few days. In truth, he had not the heart to say no. That old visit of his at Mr. Everard's, in companionship with Temple and his sister, had been one of the happiest bits of his life; a country-house life, with all the means of active amusement and sport in which he delighted; the fun of half-spoilt Lilian's evasion of the school-room, and participation in the pursuits of her brother and himself; daring rider of a spirited, mealy-nosed pony; skillful coxswain of their boat on the pleasant stream; not one atom a romp; wholly a fairy—lightest strength and delicate grace in every action; and her childish talk passing strange with the quaintest conceptions of life.

"Well, Mr. Westby, we have made you enlist in the health service," said Lilian, with a smile.

"Ha, ha! a recruit!" exclaimed Temple, laughing. "Come, sir, and go through your drill—"

"That's right, Fred! begin at once; give him a long march to-day."

"Never fear, I'll fill his mind with mountain air."

"And you, fair captain, do you march with us?" inquired Westby.

"Not to-day; I'm on—what is it, Fred?"

"Garrison duty."

"Yes, yes; and, besides, I've got dear papa to look after. Now, then, soldiers!—shoulder arms!—alpenstocks, I mean!—march!"

And off they went. Lilian to her father's bedside, to tell her parents that their friend of yesterday was her brother's oldest friend, and her playmate ever so many years ago, when she was quite a wee child.

So Westby was fated to have a real holiday, after all—a holiday life with two people whose lives had been a perpetual holiday, amusement the end of their existence. Frederick Temple's amusements were of the physical order mainly—fox-hunting in England, tiger-shooting, pig-sticking, and the like in India; and Lilian was true to her old love of active pursuits, but with mind beyond her blue eyes which had sought amusement in deeper matters; yet her intellect was hidden from ordinary sight, few of the many partners of a first season suspected it in her enthusiastic love of Whitenose, her horse, or the *valse-a-deux-temps*—herself a paragon of dancers.

The two friends walked upwards behind Interlachen, holding a gasping-breath conversation on old times; the mountain breeze smote their faces with pleasant coolness as they turned for a moment's rest, or sight of the valley beneath.

Temple was such an inspiriting companion; care, the vampire, had never fastened on his spirits, and there they were full and overflowing as a boy's. His conversation was a delightful novelty to Westby, presenting such easy, happy views of life; events had fallen on Temple like feathers, to be blown about at pleasure, not leaden weights to be sternly endured. Westby had come abroad to try for a while to forget the past; Temple recurred to it with intense pleasure—such stories he told; muscular power spent in great adventures, riding and shooting feats, big bags of Indian game, tigers and leopards, boars and antelopes, and all manner of birds; these things spoken of in such hearty, enthusiastic words, that the old nature of Westby, buried beneath many legal tomes antagonistic to the natural man, was aroused, and old boyish dreams of active, dare devil life, soldier, sailor, emigrant, flitted through his brain, as he strode along breathless at Temple's side, Temple in better walking trim than himself, listening with eager ears to this Indian talk.

"I have given the man a good breather," said Temple to his sister. "How do you feel after it, Westby?"

"Why, I *think*—"

"Think! that's just what you are not to do, Karlo Magno!" exclaimed Lilian.

"I am better, then."

"The walk, you see."

"Yes, and your brother's conversation."

"Just what I feel; whenever I'm tired I make Fred talk—he always enlivens me. I'm tired now."

"How so, Lilian?"

"I've been amusing papa all day, that is, writing business letters for him—money, the everlasting subject. I hate it."

"Honey's pleasant! don't blame the bees, my pet."

"I'm not a drone, Fred! I hate to be idle, as much as you do."

"Ah! but our activity don't pay."

"Never mind, I kill time, and you kill tigers."

"Confound it! Russians would have been more profitable. I missed the Crimea, Westby."

"You would go to India, Fred."

"I'd always wanted to see India—I exchanged, Westby. A year or so after I got out, the Russian row begins. Everybody said we should be sent to the Crimea; I thought so, too; month after month we sweltered under the punkas, but the orders never came. I grew sick of the whole Indian business, hunting and all; so when the French shut up for want of money and made us make peace, I got a year's leave and came home."

"Poor boy! I daresay there will be a row in India some day."

"Nonsense, Lilian, who with? Who is there to fight us, and our big native army? We shall be ordered home in another year, that's one comfort."

"It will be a comfort to me," said Lilian. "I shall miss you so, Fred; there's nobody to ride or walk with."

"Well, I daresay the next London season will provide a companion. For instance, that tall, elegant, handsome—"

"Nonsense, Fred! it's a great shame—I did not care one atom—I declare it's true, Mr. Westby!—I won't be laughed at; why, Whitenose has got more intellect!"

"Ride with your father, then."

"Stupid Fred! when you know papa's pony, and the affinity it has for money matters."

"For money matters!" exclaimed Westby.

"Yes, it's very odd; there are several animale of the same kind, they always join company in Rotten Row, and listen to their riders' talk of the city events of the day—this equestrian finance fidgets Whitenose dreadfully."

"There, never mind stuffy London!" interrupted her brother, "I had enough of it last season. Let's think what we ought to do while we are here."

All three plunged into Murray and Keller. Lilian enthusiastically proposing the most tremendous mountain feats which were gradually laughed into possible performances. Day after day they went forth to see the grand sight of that mountain land. It did wonders for Westby, this happy companionship; the equity color was thereby clean cast out of his eyes; there was no resisting the enthusiasm of Lilian, with her fresh new thoughts gathered off the riven granite masses, and their snowy summits, bossy white at noonday against the deep blue sky, or sun-flushed at dawn and eventide, rolling their dead white ice-waves into the gloomy valleys beneath. And those same mountain-tops, and rough flanks, and all that eternal snow, were things for climbing and scrambling in the estimation of Frederick Temple, with great obstacles to be overcome by heart and limb.

Such scenes to see! only a few hours from hard-worked London, by a path of pleasant country, French or German land, to this holiday ground. Tired heads wanting a change of thought, all engrossing, deep seated thought, emulations, ambitions, against which a level country, however pleasant, would be powerless; but those granite giants are irresistible, they will fill your head with their immensity—your atom self and that vast mountain, two miles or more distant; no intervening objects to break the intense power of size, and yet it seems you might almost fling a stone from your standing point on that Wengern Alp to the Jungfrau opposite; ay, and climb that rough mountain surface, deftly picking your way by those clearly defined fragments, broken into possible steps, down which snow-flakes are falling from the upper snow. Thunder in the clear summer sky! the snow-flakes are avalanches which would snap down forests in their force, and the possible steps are precipices which no man has scaled or will scale to the end of time. The path trodden on those waves of ice, which for ever roll on and on, by years, not moments, with short slides to sure death in those insidious *crevasses* with their green mysterious light fading into dark depths—those steep, precipitous rocks, bleak and cheerless against the blue sky, girdling the valley with their cold shade hours after sunrise, yet at a further point of view their summits unexpectedly crowned with upland pasture, vividly green in the sunlight, dotted in that upper distance with toy-sized chalets, and goat-herds, and mice-sized goats—such scenes as these are to be treasured in the memory, and brought home, and used in lieu of the painted or papered monotony of dull chamber walls, as a diversion for tired heads raised for a moment from weary print or scribbled brief, bringing up refreshing recollections of physical activity and vigor in contrast with present mental effort.

Westby lost his headache in the clear mountain air, and he felt again with delight the sensation of weariness from hard exercise, not rankling thought, followed with troubled slumber, but fine deep sleep, and clear head and elastic step on the morrow.

So finding his health improve, his thoughts set homewards; but letters came from home praying him to prolong his tour—"it had already done him so much good, why not remain till his health was quite restored?" The Temples, brother and sister, said the same thing, and they were so resolute, too, they fought his reasons for returning from point to point, and thus it was that he was led to speak frankly of his affairs, and of his eight years' struggle after leaving college, speaking as a man would speak to his brother and sister. Frederick Temple listened with many expressions of wonder at what he had accomplished, and Lilian listened silently, but very attentively; and if the conversation changed, she would bring it back with a skillful turn, and often in their walks she would with great delicacy render it the subject of their talk.

"Nothing to think about, Lilian, except thoughts that lightly come and go? You are thinking deeply about this man's life; it does interest you, that hard fight of his with the world, that love of his for the two at home, a love not loudly spoken, very indirectly indicated indeed, but plainly visible to your quick insight. Well, heroism in any form is a pleasant tale, and though young, you have been already somewhat tired with the smooth amenities of existence, and it is pleasantly exciting to glance from the rose-leaves to the granite work of life. So you have great pleasure in gazing on his face which is grave with care, and bears thought-marks on the forehead—greater interest in that face than in the hundred handsome, careless faces which have flitted round your path."

Nothing to think about, Lilian? You grow very silent, the lively dash of your conversation is dulled—your brother remarks it; he fancies you are overwearied by the walking excursions; your sprightliness readily returns in his company, but it is with Westby you are silent; you listen eagerly to what he says, and you ponder it deeply, but you don't reply at great length, for talking to him grows an effort. You are astonished at this change in yourself. Why your high spirits have always headed every occasion, and your self-possession stood ever ready with an answer at your lips. What does it mean?—not love—nonsense!—not love!—he is far too good, too clever, that he should ever think of you. Then what does it mean? You could always converse with that young baronet who rode so often last season with you and your brother in Rotten Row, and danced with you so much at London balls: his conversation seemed constrained and stupid, while you could say, without effort, the things that came first to mind. He was handsome, and danced well, and had clear thousands a year; and girls you know—girls quite as pretty as yourself—looked on with envious eyes at his attentions, and people whispered that all this would end in an offer. You, amazed with easy conquest, would not believe it; you protested it was nonsense, that sober marriage would never come from such idle, foolish talk; you had said nothing more to him than to twenty others. Thus you talked on, and danced, and rode, till one day, the red sunset evening of a Richmond party, when you had been diverting yourself with good-natured raillery at an engaged couple, the laugh had scarcely died on your lips, when his voice deepened, and the young man offered you his hand; you were astounded—the words thrilled through you, but a "No" fell quickly from your lips: in a moment you were yourself again, and could speak easily enough—but you can't speak to Charles Westby now.

It is love, Lilian! though you fight against the thought, calling it folly, and heaping reasons against it. He has frankly told you and your brother all his affairs; is he in a pecuniary position to marry? See, with that full ambition which beats at his heart, which makes him almost grudge every passing enjoyment; is it likely that he will as yet seek a partner with whom to *enjoy* life?

"No," is the reasonable answer to all this. You firmly resolve to hide your folly from all eyes, and strive to forget it when he is gone. He will be gone in a few days; you are almost thankful for that.

* * * * * * *

Charles Westby has gone! Time seems to have stopped at those last two days he was at Interlachen—at that walk which you and he and your brother took up the Harder mountains for a farewell look on the meadow level of Unterseen. You are silent, but your brother's spirits are high, and he pledges Westby to such another Swiss tour on his return from India; and then he falls to lightly bantering Westby's hopes and ambitions, predicting this and that legal honor, and the crowning honor, the House of Lords. These light words touch you seriously, and you echo them again, but from the depth of your heart and hope, whence they spring like convictions; so you take comfort in the future. "One day, who knows? I shall be better worthy of him then," and your old spirits remount, and you are yourself again; but your words are heartfelt, though spoken in a light tone.

The whole party rest awhile to look upon the view below, tiny Unterseen and Interlachen in their green meadows half-islanded by the two lakes Thun and Brienz, the opposite distance shut in with granite masses, surfaced with black desolation, or dark green pine, the stepping-stones to the mighty range of Oberland Alps cresting the horizon with their snow-ridges against the cloudless blue. But there is too much inner feeling for you to care for landscape views. And now down hill by zigzag path, your accustomed laughing challenge is given to your brother and Westby. "Who'll be down first?" It is a rare thing to descend, alpenstock in hand, touching lightly on each broken rock step, governing speed with the pole; it is positive fascination to you now, wearied as you are with much thought. You are a short way ahead, the path winds in the descent, a smooth bank of grass meets the path below, descending by that grass would save half the distance.

"Don't go on the grass, for Heaven's sake," shouts your brother from above. But it's too late to stop. It's delicious gliding down, resting on the alpenstock! The grass stealthily shelves up against the path, and in the speed of your descent turns your course; never mind! you will meet the path again at a lower turn, and be down ever so much before your companions. Good God! there is no path below you—nothing but this steep bank of grass, and the valley hundreds of feet below; you strive to stop, to catch at the grass, but the grass is quite short and burnt to the slipperiness of ice. You strive and strive, you would scream for help, but your voice is lost in your frantic efforts to clutch at something; the friction burns through your leather gloves, your head whirls with these desperate efforts. You *have* stopped at last! it is the valley which is rushing up to you!

Little by little you struggle back to consciousness. Where are you? Is it some terrible dream? That fearful valley!—you see it lying rigidly still below you! You are caught in some young pine stems grown to a foot above the ground. An arm clasps your waist; it is Westby's; his other hand holds to one of the pine stems which has served to break your fall. The shelving grass suddenly ends at those pine stems, and from that point to the valley below, there is nothing but precipitous rock. Charles Westby, who was ahead of your brother, saw that those pine stems were your only salvation, and he saw, too, in the direction you were gliding, that you would shoot past them to certain death; he threw his life into your dangerous path, and just succeeded in turning your course at the last moment. You and Charles Westby were hanging over that rocky gulf, it might have been minutes or hours for what you knew of time. Ah, Lilian, what did you say to Charles Westby then? "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and the feeble pine stems might have given way before help came, and there would be an end of life and feeling on the rocks below. The peasants with irom *crampions* on their shoes, make shift to carry you up to sure ground, and then you faint in your brother's arms.—More or less of insensibility to the end of the day, and a night of fitful dreams, the valley rushing up to you with fearful speed, and your sleep broken with cries to Karlo Magno to save you. Sounder sleep towards morning, and you arose refreshed; a few bruises and scratches were the sole physical harm you had received from the accident; but you were still utterly unnerved.

It troubled you most that you could only recollect detached portions of the events of yesterday; some things were very clear, then came complete blanks; and as you sat on the sofa trying to puzzle matters out Westby entered the room.

"I am come to say farewell to Miss Temple."

"Lilian, Lilian! not Miss Temple," you replied.

"Be it Lilian, then—*playmate* Lilian," he answered with emphasis on the word playmate.

"Oh, Karlo Magno! I hope they have thanked you for me—papa and mamma, and Fred—how can I ever say what I feel? Your valuable life almost lost for my willful careless folly."

But gently turning aside your eager words of gratitude, Charles Westby continues in a low voice,

"My time is short, and I have something very particular to say. I feel, Lilian, it had been better I had left here long ago."

"Why, why, Karlo Magno? You tremble with a vague fear."

"My dear girl, in the midst of that chance of life and death, you said that you loved me."

"What, Mr. Westby!" Every vein in your body seems to burn.

"You remember your own words, Lilian."

"That I loved you!" You repeat his words mechanically, and are silent awhile. Great marvel and shame that your own lips should unwittingly have revealed the secret of your heart. Yet what matter? If he did love you, that shame would have been lost in bewildering joy, that in any manner he had learned the truth. Then, by degrees, a cold assurance steals through you that Charles Westby does not reciprocate your love, and gradually you are frozen into self-possession.

"On my honor, Mr. Westby, I cannot remember having made such a confession. My head is in a strange state; I have only a very partial remembrance of the events of yesterday. I well remember my feeling of deep gratitude and admiration for your noble conduct."

"I assure you," replied Westby, growing very confused.

"It is not wonderful that I should have talked wildly and lost my head on such an occasion. I know, Mr. Westby, that you will not hold me to any random words."

And you do govern your features so well, Lilian, that you deceive him into a belief that you had merely uttered empty words, but it is terrible torture to see how infinitely relieved he is. Then he turns the idea of his marriage into a joking impossibility, talking in a brotherly confidential tone of the labor and struggle in store for him. Ay, but it does touch you to the depths of your soul to sit by with a false smile on your countenance, and see that in his heart he only holds you fit for the sunshine and ease of life—you, who for one loving word from him would have rendered back love and endurance, and devotion to the end of existence. Your brother discovers you downcast with dim eyes.

"What's the matter, my pet?"

"Nothing, Fred."

"Not grim Charles Westby, you little goose?"

"Nonsense! just as if he would care for a butterfly."

"But I do believe *it is* that fellow Charles!"

"You are a regular plague, Fred!" And you burst into tears in your brother's arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OPINION IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Lindsay, member of Parliament from Sunderland, in addressing his constituents recently, touched upon the American question. He said as it would be some time before cotton could be got elsewhere, he considered it the duty of the Government to endeavor to induce the U. S. Government, for the cause of humanity, to remove the blockade. Considering the bold stand made by the confederates, and the strength of the South, he thought it almost time that the Governments of England and France thought of recognizing the independence of so numerous a body of people. [Cheers and some hisses.] It was evident that the North was not sincerely anxious to abolish slavery, which would never be removed by a servile war. The separation of the North and South was much more likely to accomplish the object.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, novelist, at a recent agricultural dinner, said that it would be fortunate for Europe if the United States did break up into four or more separate and sovereign commonwealths. If the United States went on with their increase of population, wealth, and inhabited territory, they "would have hung over Europe like a gathering and destructive thunder cloud. No single kingdom in Europe could have been strong enough to maintain itself against a nation that had once consolidated the gigantic resources of a quarter of the globe. And this unwieldy extent of empire would have been as fatal to the permanent safety and development of America herself as the experience of all history tells us an empire too vast to maintain the healthy circulation of its own life-blood ever has been since the world began, to the races over which it spread." And he winds up by saying, "But in proportion as America shall become subdivided into different states, each of which is large enough for greatness—larger than an European kingdom—her ambition will be less formidable to the rest of the world, and I do not doubt that the action of emulation and rivalry between one free state and another, speaking the same language and enjoying that educated culture which inspires an affection for all that enlightens and exalts humanity, will produce the same effect upon art and commerce, and the improvements in practical government which the same kind of competition produced in the old commonwealths of Greece."

HUNTER AND MCKINSTRY.—A correspondent writing from Jefferson City, gives the following graphic description of General Hunter:—Major-General Hunter was here until a day or two since, but has now gone forward with his column. He is an elderly, grim looking, erect, soldierly officer, with a Hungarian moustache, and a bald head. At one of the camps, a mile south of the Capital, is Brigadier-General McKinstry, who commands the Fifth Division of the army, about 8,000 strong. Six feet two, sinewy-formed, deep-chested, firm faced, brilliant-eyed, wavy-haired, and black-moustached, he is the finest looking man I have seen in our army. Prompt to decide, ambitious, resolute, of high personal daring, theoretically and practically a thorough soldier, he will doubtless win greener laurels, or be laid beneath the cypress, before this war is ended.

Gen. Lane and the Kansas Brigade.

The old difficulty between Lane and Robinson, in Kansas, seems still to exist. We find in the Leavenworth *Conservative* of the 10th inst., a report of a meeting held the previous evening in that city, which Lane addressed, denouncing his foes and recounting his triumphs. We append a portion of it:—

Two months ago the Kansas Brigade was organized. I was put at the head of it with the respect, the confidence, aye, the love, of every man in that command. Every day since it entered the field it has been actively engaged for the protection of Kansas and the Government. It has not been whipped—it has not surrendered. Why is it that these creatures at the fort sneer at it? They abuse the Kansas Brigade because it has not surrendered to the enemy: They sneer at the Kansas Brigade because we have never engaged the enemy without whipping them like the devil.

"Go to Nevada, where 56 of the Kansas Brigade met and defeated 200 rebels; go to Ball's Mill, where 130 Kansans whipped 350 traitors; go to Dry Wood, where four hundred men under Montgomery for two hours fought seven thousand of the enemy, and drove them back from your soil; go to Morristown, the death-bed of our gallant Johnson, where 400 of the Kansas Brigade drove 600 traitors from their entrenchments; go to Osceola, one of the strongest natural points in Southern Missouri, where, after eighty miles' march through the enemy's country, we met a greatly superior force, beat it, and took and destroyed more than a million dollars worth of property. Go to these fields, and tell me why the Kansas Brigade is sneered at.

"Our sin is that we have never been whipped. That Brigade is conspired against. This last Sabbath was desecrated by a conspiracy at the fort, between Robinson and Prince, to destroy the Kansas Brigade. Charles Robinson and Capt. Prince conspired to destroy it. They were guilty of treason baser than that of Price. [Great cheering.] I have come here to talk plainly to you. [Cries of "That's right," "Let us have it."] What is the charge they make against the Kansas Brigade? We are jayhawkers.

"I stated in Washington that the institution of slavery could not survive the march of the Federal army—that there would be an army of one color marching into the slave states, and an army of another color marching out. I said further, that confiscation must follow treason, as thunder follows the lightning's flash.

"Confiscated property goes to the Government, and this rule has been adopted by my Brigade. If we are jayhawkers, we are jayhawking for the Government.

"Now if Prince or Robinson can find an instance of a violation of this rule in my command, the guilty man shall be hung.

"But they say we steal slaves—great God! Lieut. Col. Blunt, of Montgomery's regiment, has just returned from the interior of Missouri, and they tell me he comes back with more slaves than white men. ["Good, good, and cheers.] Secessionists get no slaves from the Kansas Brigade. When a Union man comes to my camp to recover slaves, I tell him to look upon the camp as naked ground. "Resort to the same measures that you would if I were not here." If he fails to recover his slaves, we give him a certificate—as a voucher to the Government—that such a man lost a slave by the march of the Kansas Brigade.

"Slavery disappears before my Brigade.—[Applause.] I guess that's true. [Renewed applause.] But it disappears on the principle I have laid down. I venture to say that if I were to tell Montgomery or Blunt or Stewart or Williams or Bowles, "You shan't take those slaves," the reply would be, "Slaves are men, and you shan't make me nigger catcher for traitors." [Great cheering.]

"Is there a man here who would act as slave-catcher for Price? I wonder if that dirty dog Prince would do it? This is the sin; this is the charge against us. We march to crush out treason, and let slavery take care of itself. If they don't want slavery to perish, let them lay down their arms, or do the other thing—keep Lane's Brigade out of Missouri. [Rapturous applause.] In my opinion, this war will never be successfully carried out so long as an army marches through slave states as a boat goes through a flock of ducks. They fly up on its approach, and nestle as soon as it has passed. The boat is safe, and so are the ducks. When you march through a state, you must destroy the property of the men in arms against the Government—destroy, devastate, desolate. This is a war.

"Take the Union man by the hand, but lay waste the property of traitors. Why is so much sympathy shown to traitors and none for Union men? Hundreds and hundreds of Union men have followed the Kansas Brigade to escape the clutches of traitors."

THE FINANCES OF THE WAR.—The Hon. James Dixon, in an eloquent and patriotic speech, delivered at the Union meeting in Hartford, dwelt upon the ability of the country to sustain the expenses of the war, and upon the security which the national loan offered as an investment. On this point he said: "Look at England. You say our expenses are large, and so they are. Some estimate them at one million of dollars per day. But what were the expenses of England during her war with Napoleon? From 1803 to 1816, with less than eighteen million inhabitants, her expenses were one million three hundred thousand dollars a day for a period of thirteen years. For one hundred days previous to the battle of Waterloo her expenses were five millions of dollars per day. Of this vast sum a large proportion was expended on the continent of Europe—while our entire expenditure is at home. If for thirteen years England could expend one million three hundred thousand dollars a day abroad, cannot we do it for one or two years, if necessary—every dollar meanwhile remaining at home? Interest, therefore, no less than patriotism, requires us to subscribe for the loan."

THE PRESIDENT.—You must see the President to have any adequate conception of how dreadfully the heavy complication of cares which have thickened around him have exhausted even his immense physical powers. See him and then you will have a very vivid conception of a tired giant. See him and you will have some idea how Atlas looked just after he had lifted the world upon his shoulders. One never thinks of the immense mental labor and haunting care that has accumulated so heavily since his inauguration. If you saw him then, you should see him now; and if you ever thought it a pleasant thing to be President, you will immediately abandon that extravagant idea. You could not to save your life, even if you were that man's bitterest enemy, look upon that shattered giant, and come away without feeling a respectful pity for the suffering that is so plainly written on his honest face. Woe for those that have honor thrust upon them!

WHEN Generals Cameron and Thomas reached Cincinnati, they found there dispatches from Kentucky, asking prompt reinforcements for Gen. Sherman. Gen. Cameron at once telegraphed to Pittsburg, Chicago, and Indianapolis, and eight thousand troops were at once started by special trains to Kentucky.

THE ORDER TO GEN. FREMONT.

The following is a copy of the order issued by the Secretary of War before he left St. Louis, and after he had visited Gen. Fremont at Tipton:

"ST. LOUIS, MO., Oct. 14, 1861.

"GENERAL:—The Secretary of War directs me to communicate the following as his instructions for your government:

"In view of the heavy sums due, especially in the Quartermaster's Department in this city, amounting to some $4,500,000, it is important that the money which may now be in the hands of the disbursing officers, or be received by them, be applied to the current expenses of your army in Missouri, and these debts to remain unpaid until they can be properly examined and sent to Washington for settlement; the disbursing officers of the army to disburse the funds, and not transfer them to irresponsible agents—in other words, those who do not hold commissions from the President, and are not under bonds. All contracts necessary to be made to be made by the disbursing officers. The senior Quartermaster here has been verbally instructed by the Secretary as above.

"It is deemed unnecessary to erect fieldworks around this city, and you will direct their discontinuance; also those, if any, in course of construction at Jefferson City. In this connection, it is seen that a number of commissions have been given by you. No payments will be made to such officers, except to those whose appointments have been approved by the President. This, of course, does not apply to the officers with volunteer troops. Col. Andrews has been verbally so instructed by the Secretary; also, not to make transfers of funds, except for the purpose of paying the troops.

"The erection of barracks near your quarters in this city to be at once discontinued.

"The Secretary has been informed that the troops of Gen. Lane's command are committing depredations on our friends in Western Missouri. Your attention is directed to this, in the expectation that you will apply the corrective.

"Major Allen desires the services of Capt. Turnley for a short time, and the Secretary hopes you may find it proper to accede thereto.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully,
"Your obedient servant,
"L. THOMAS, Adjutant-General.
"Maj. Gen. J. C. Fremont, Commading Department of the West, Tipton, Mo."

THE CLIMATE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

No more delightful season of the year could be selected for a campaign than the latter part of October and the whole of November. With rare exceptions, the air is balmy but hazy; there is little or no snow, and very little rain. Even the nights are not often cold as they are in Philadelphia. Indian summer lasts full twenty days longer in Middle and Southern Kentucky, in Southern Missouri, in Eastern Virginia, and the whole of Tennessee and North Carolina, than it does in Pennsylvania.

If there is poetry in those regions, it is when "the melancholy days have come," and when the serene breezes float amid the "sere and yellow foliage" of those regions. The people themselves have poetized it by calling it "Italy transferred." The chest expands under the air, the lungs inhale it with the profoundest satisfaction, until the whole being seems renewed and reinvigorated.

Should, however, the campaign be protracted into late December or into January, it will become a most fearful task to move men in bodies or transport munitions of war to any extent beyond the immediate line of turnpikes and railroads. The mere country roads in all those states named above, with the exception of North Carolina (and that exception is caused by the sandy nature of the soil), are most infamous. Their badness is occasioned by the utter want of system in keeping them in repair and by the light, loamy, spongy character of the soil. Rain will penetrate and saturate it for weeks during the winter. In the summer it is particularly dry. This characteristic does not hold good in all the states, but it will be found to be very generally true, and will be found worthy of consideration ere long.

A NEW ELEMENT IN THE COTTON QUESTION.—The perennial cotton tree of Western South America has been transplanted to Maryland, and has flourished in a most remarkable manner. The experiment was made by a Mr. Kendall, of that state, who saw the tree in Peru and Chili, in 1856, during a mission in which he was sent by our government to collect seeds and plants, and to assist in taking observations of transit routes across the continent. He found the tree growing wild, and equally as well in the cold highlands and mountain regions, as in the sultry low lands. This suggested the idea that it might be adapted to the Northern portion of the United States, and he accordingly procured seeds and plants, and brought them to this country. From these he raised a number of trees on his own farm, with great success and ease, and he avers that they withstood, without injury, the severest winter of our latitude. He says that the tree will thrive and produce abundantly wherever corn will mature. In its native condition and in the higher Southern latitudes, its average size and altitude is said to equal the medium peach of North America, and the tree most nearly resembles the white mulberry. The leaves are abundant, the flowers profuse, the bolls, at maturity, are twice the size of those borne by the harbaceous plant, while the fibre was found to be finer and the length of staple increased as the tree approached the cooler regions. It may be propagated from seed, but more readily from cuttings simply thust into the ground, and it may be planted out as an apple, peach or pear orchard, in a field cropped with any of the cereals, until, having reached its full growth, the tree should be allowed to occupy the land exclusively. It bears cutting, also, as kindly as any known tree, and in the field culture may be kept so pruned that its produce shall be within reach of the hand. The crop in South America has reached two thousand pounds to the acre, whereas the annual cotton plant of the Southern states yields but five hundred pounds to the same area. Peru already exports of this cotton about six thousand bales, of one hundred and fifty pounds to the bale, and we are told that the staple of the Peruvian free cotton, even when produced without care or culture, as it usually is in South America, is superior to the best Upland staple of the cotton states of the South. In proof of this fact, it is said that the cotton grown in the valley of the Chira sold in the port of Paita at sixteen dollars per hundred pounds. Mr. Kendall is to lecture at the Cooper Institute, New York, on the perennial cotton tree of South America, and he proposes to show that it may be naturalized in all our Northern states. If his views are well founded, then better cotton than that of the southern or Gulf states may be produced, by free labor, north of Mason and Dixon's line, and more abundantly and economically than that from below the said line. In such event, Europe may yet derive its chief supply of cotton from the states of this Union.

FREMONT'S advance from Sedalia was impeded by a three days' rain which had swelled the creeks to rivers, and reduced the country to a quagmire, rendering the movement of heavy cannon, &c., scarcely possible.

HENRY MAY.

(From the Cincinnati Commercial.)

There was considerable discussion, it will be remembered, about the object of the Hon. Henry May's visit to Richmond about three months ago. Some were ready to charge the Cabinet and the President with having sent him on his errand. Others affirmed that he went on private business. He, on his return, did not intimate what was his aim in going to the rebel capital. But at last the cat is fairly out of the bag. The Crawford (Illinois) Bulletin says that the Hon. John A. Logan, of "Egypt" has been making some revelation of some interesting facts. It says:

"We are informed by a gentleman just from the Ninth Congressional District that there has been a complete revolution among the people on the war question. The Hon. John A. Logan, Congressman from that district, has been appointed Colonel, and has his regiment about ready to take the field. Many who a few days ago were of the compromise stamp, are now enthusiastic for the war. Logan declares that he and other compromising men in Congress met in secret conclave, and determined to make a last effort. They sent May to Richmond to ascertain if the Confederates would entertain, accept or offer, any compromise. *No compromise could be agreed upon—they utterly refusing, even though a blank sheet of paper be given them to write their own terms.* Logan declares their intention is to fight, and calls upon all Democrats to rally around the old flag, and thwart them in their diabolical efforts to destroy the Government."

HOW A MICHIGANDER AND A SOUTH CAROLINIAN FOUGHT A DUEL.—We find the following in the Washington correspondence of the Detroit Tribune:—

One of the Michiganders, being out on advanced picket duty a few days ago, came in sight of a South Carolina rebel, also on similar duty, when the following dialogue and *duel* took place:—

Michigan. "Hallo, South Carolina, how are you to-day?"

South Carolina. "Pretty well, thank you. How are all the Yankees?"

M. "So so. What's the news over in Dixie?"

S. "Nothing in particular, only we have got some rifles now that will out-shoot your Yankee guns, all hollow."

M. "Don't believe the yarn. You *seceshers* brag too much. Can't fool your pap on that trigger."

S. "Suppose, then, you and I just take a few private passes at each other to settle that little question. What say you?"

M. "Agreed. Forty rods, and three shots each."

The question then arose as to the preliminaries, &c., there being no parties present to act as seconds. These were, however, soon settled by South Carolina *giving Michigan a gold dollar for the first three shots!* The parties then took their positions, and South Carolina blazed away his three shots at Michigan, who stood erect and pointed out to South Carolina the direction each of his shots had taken. Michigan escaped unhurt, and now came his turn to fire. South Carolina, to his credit be it said, stood erect, and received Michigan's first shot in the thigh, which brought him down upon the ground.

"Hellow, old fellow, none of that," said Michigan, "no dodging the question; stand up like a man, will you? *You owe me two d—d good shots,* and you must pay them, mind that, or no more bragging about *chivalry*."

But South Carolina, having one leg broken already by a shot from Michigan's unerring Minie musket, could not stand on *both* pegs of his chivalry, and, therefore, *squatted*, and consequently cheated our honest Michigander out of "*two d—d good shots,*" and thus ended this funny impromptu duel.

THE PLAN OF DOUGLAS.—In the Chicago Post, which was Senator Douglas's mouthpiece, and is edited by his warm personal friend, Mr. Sheahan, we find this statement:—

Mr. Douglas's plan to preserve the Democratic party was that the Democrats should run this war, as they had run every other war since the foundation of this Union; in fact make it a democratic war and fight it with all the powers of the nation, and if necessary to station a standing army in every one of the rebel states, and by the bayonet enforce obedience to the laws. Pierce with regular troops enforced the laws in Boston; why should not Lincoln do the same thing in Charleston? He was for dropping all local issues and controversies until after the war was closed; and then in a Union preserved, he was for raising once more the old Democratic banner, inscribed with the names of a hundred battles for that Union, and again dispute with the old political enemy the contest at the ballot-box.

IMMENSE SUPPLIES NEEDED.—A few facts and figures will serve to show the extent of transportation required to supply the army of the Potomac with the provisions and necessary accoutrements of war. Upwards of two hundred cars arrive daily, loaded with supplies. Until recently one thousand horses per day arrived here; now the number is reduced to about two hundred, the Government having stopped buying. The freight agent informs me that there are nearly two miles of cars on the track in this city, filled with freight, and waiting to be unloaded. The Express Company is doing an immense business, and it is difficult to get at packages after they are brought here within any reasonable time.

THE BATTLE ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND.—A late Southern paper says that "the reports from Pensacola in relation to the attack on Santa Rosa Island are of a very conflicting character, and, from what they are enabled to learn, they think they have been defeated, with a heavy loss, but think in the main they have gained a victory. The War Department accounts for their heavy loss of men by the great anxiety to whip the Yankees."

From these intimations we judge the rebels are badly whipped, and as they have never acknowledged a defeat but in this manner, it is safe to say they were rather roughly handled.

A REMARKABLE SEASON.—One gentleman in Maine has kept a record of the advent of frost for the past forty years, and it has never held off until the first day of October during all that time. There has been no frost there so far this year. The Nashua Telegraph asks:

Does "the oldest inhabitant" remember a season like the present? Here we are, writing on this tenth day of October, and there has been no frost yet. Squash vines are as fresh as in August. Mr. Taft, of the Profile House, left that mountain region on Tuesday. There had been no frost there.

THE FOREIGN CAPITALISTS.—OFFERS FROM ABROAD.—We learn from good authority that certain foreign capitalists have offered Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, to take a hundred million loan of the United States Government at six and a half per cent. interest. It would seem that the fulminations of the London Times have not succeeded in frightening anybody, for our credit is as good as ever it was abroad, and the money-holders of London would be glad to see the Secretary accept their propositions.—*New York Post.*

NEWS ITEMS.

The Loan.—The Etna Fire Company, of Hartford, has subscribed for $380,000 of the National Loan, and Col. Samuel Coit has not only invested $150,000 in the same way, but advises his contractors to do likewise.

One Family's Quota for the War.—Six of the seven sons of Mrs. Anna Williamson, residing it Paterson, New Jersey, have left to join the National army; the seventh has announced his purpose to follow within a month. The *Guardian* says:—We visited the old lady this afternoon, and she informed us if she had six more she would rejoice to give them up at the demand of her country. She says if her husband were living, he would also have gone, and if they get short of men, she is willing to go herself.

General Shields—The Irish American states positively that Gen. Shields has not declined the commission of a brigadier general, recently tendered him by President Lincoln; but that as soon as the intelligence of his appointment reaches him in Mexico, where he has gone on private business, he will hasten to the seat of war, to devote himself with all his might to the duties of his new command.

When the Seventh Pennsylvania was paid off they received about $21,000. Out of this sum, the soldiers sent home about $17,000. They are mostly from the interior—Lebanon, Perry, and Luzerne counties.

It is stated that at a meeting of the Hungarian leaders, at Genoa, Kossuth was present. The Republican form of government for Hungary was abandoned, and three candidates for the Crown proposed.

The Big River bridge on the Iron Mountain railroad, Missouri, has been burnt by a party of rebels. The bridge was in charge of a detachment of forty men, who were surrounded and attacked by five hundred rebels under Jeff. Thompson. He threatens to burn more.

Virginia papers confirm the report that the Nashville, with Messrs. Mason and Slidell, with their suites on board, has escaped from Charleston, evading the blockade. The Nashville is a swift steamer, and has four times crossed the Atlantic. She has now two or three United States vessels in chase after her, and though she has gained a start of nearly five days, the length of the route she must take may do away with this advantage.

Orders have been issued from the army headquarters at Washington, that as 57 of the United States prisoners at Richmond have been released on parole, an equal number of rebel prisoners shall be released on the same basis. This will probably lead to a further exchange of prisoners.

Gen. Lyon as an Author.—Rudd & Carlton have in preparation a collection of the political writings of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, among them essays on the present state of affairs. These have been pronounced excellent by some of the highest literary and political authorities. They will be prefaced with a memoir by a well-known poet, Richard Henry Stoddard.

To save trouble to all concerned, it is officially announced that the Government has ceased to grant passes to go South through the United States lines.

From estimates made within the past few days, it appears that the war is now costing the Government one million and a half of dollars daily.

Official Notice.—The United States Marshal of Connecticut, gives official notice that all persons who attempt to entice soldiers to desert will be summarily dealt with. He rounds off his proclamation with this suggestive statement:—"Fellow-citizens, *this war must go on.* If you cannot help prosecute it, you shall not prevent it with impunity. Toryism is a disease (though hereditary in some) requiring a strong remedy, which will be applied to some persons hereabouts before they are ready to take it."

It is not true that a deputation from the French party in Canada has arrived in Paris. It is not even known that such a deputation has been appointed.—*London Morning Post.*

Confiscation of Northern Debts.—The Richmond Enquirer of the 14th instant says:—"It was understood at Richmond by a gentleman who is connected with the Department of the Interior, that the returns were being made of debts due to alien enemies with the utmost promptitude, and that from the city of Petersburg there would be realized a sum not less than six hundred thousand dollars. As for Richmond, it was difficult to estimate the aggregate, but the lowest estimate placed it at two millions of dollars.

A War Eagle.—In the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment, which has just gone to Missouri, there is a fine company called the Chippewa Eagles, which carries as its standard a live American Eagle, perched on the top of a pole. It is quite tame. The bird was caught on the head waters of the Chippewa river by the Chippewa Indians. The soldiers have been offered a high price for it, which they refuse, swearing that they will never part with it, and it shall never be taken by the enemy.

A Good Idea.—An old project for simplifying and cheapening the means of communication between the West and the East, has been revived in New York, viz.: to construct ferry boats with railroad tracks upon them, and by a uniform guage on all the roads, secure a continuous line of railway communication between Illinois and the Atlantic, so that a car-load of produce of any kind, put on the track at any of the principal grain cities, may be sent through without transhipment, thus reducing the cost of carriage to the fraction of what it is under present arrangements.

The Imperial Crown of England contains 1 large ruby, irregularly polished, 1 large broad-spread sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, 4 drop-shaped pearls, 273 pearls.

The Government has now within the lines of the army of the Potomac, in round numbers, 30,000 horses, purchased at $120 apiece, 7,000 mules, at $141, and 5,000 wagons, at $110.

Dr. G. B. Windship, the strong man, has developed his strength to such an enormous degree that he advertises to lift, on a platform, twelve men weighing 140 lbs. each.

Advices from Washington say that Secretary Seward's circular is taken too seriously. Our foreign relations are in good condition.

A published letter from John Ross seems to leave no doubt that the Cherokees have turned rebels.

Brigham Young telegraphs from Utah, over the wires, just completed: "Utah has not seceded, but is firm for the Constitution and laws of our once happy country, and is warmly interested in successful enterprises as the one so far completed."

The Election.—In Pennsylvania the Senate is reported to stand 22 People's men, 9 Democrats, 1 Union, and 1 not heard from. The Assembly 47 People's, 43 regular Democrats, 10 Union Democrats.

The steamers Vanderbilt, Atlantic, Baltic, Erricson and Great Republic, of the naval expedition, sailed from New York recently.

The rebel Gen. Hardee, who was supposed to be in Kentucky, now turns out to be in Missouri, marching with 20,000 men to join Price. Should a junction occur, the two would have a force equal, if not superior, to Fremont.

THE CONDITION OF MISSOURI.

We met on Saturday a very intelligent man, who has been living all summer in Western Missouri. He thinks the popular sentiment of the state is not generally understood at the East, and consequently the difficulties of Gen. Fremont's position are underrated. So far as he has been able to observe, at least three fourths of the people are secessionists. Besides, even where the Union sentiment predominates, there is a reluctance to take up arms in behalf of the Government. While the Rebels are active and confident, the Unionists are timid and doubting. The temporizing policy of the Government, he thinks, has moreover at once emboldened the former and discouraged the latter.

He represents that the Union men of the West continue to have great confidence in Gen. Fremont. They acquit him of blame in his failure to reinforce Gen. Lyon; and even the fall of Lexington is attributed to causes beyond his control. The feeling against Frank Blair is very strong, and whispers that he aspired to the command of the Department of the West are rife. Our friend admits, however, that gross frauds have been committed in buying horses, &c., and that large sums of money have been squandered on questionable contracts; but these abuses arose not from moral laxity or incompetency on the part of the commanding General, but because, in his honest zeal to do well, he attempted too much.

At a time like this, when General Mystification commands the Western Department, the opinion of an intelligent observer, who is not a party in the quarrel between General Fremont and his enemies, is not without its value.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Mrs. Fremont.—Mrs. Fremont is in camp with the General, but will return to St. Louis when he moves forward. The "Jessie" whose name was so familiar six years ago, has three children—the eldest a daughter of fifteen, in whose honor Camp Lillie is named—but hers is one of the natures which do not grow old. Inheriting her father's talent and many salient points of his character, she impresses all who come in contact with her by her great intellectual power. See her, as you might have done a few weeks ago, with all the blood of all the Bentons roused within her at the gross injustice done to her husband, and you would say: "Nature made her for a queen; had she inherited a throne, what a record she would have made in history!" In the winter of 1849, when the frontier of civilization was seven hundred miles fusther east than now, she was about to join Fremont, upon the great plains. It is said that when a very decorous fossil from Keokuk, Iowa, whose name is familiar to Tribune readers, asked her "Are you not afraid to take that perilous journey at this inclement season?" she startled his nerves with the reply—"Afraid, sir! Do you suppose that the daughter of Col. Benton and the wife of Captain Fremont is *afraid?"—Correspondent N. Y. Tribune.*

The Wants of Europe.—The harvests in Europe are more deficient than has been reported, and what England and France say of each other's deficiency is probably very near the truth. The London Times says France will be compelled to spend forty millions sterling (about two hundred millions of dollars) this year, to make up the deficiency—an enormous sum—greater even than the failure which last year's harvest entailed upon England. Sixty millions of francs have been sent into Russia to purchase grain. This large demand will affect all the grain nations of Europe, and the price of bread is already producing some popular disorder. By the side of this demand, the cotton famine sinks into insignificance, and as the United States will be required to furnish, as it is furnishing, a large amount of breadstuffs to supply the deficiency in France and England, the probability of any intrusive interference with our domestic troubles by them does not seem very imminent at the present time.

New Mexico.—The Indian agent for New Mexico, Mr. Steck, has just arrived at Washington, direct from that territory. Previous to his departure all the principal men of the Navajoe Indians came to Santa Fe, and made a treaty of peace with the Government, with the exception of those of Arizona, where a small force of Texans have possession through the treachery of Col. Loring.

All is quiet in the territory. The Federal force therein, under Col. Canby, who commands that military department, is from twelve to fifteen hundred, while the citizens have raised three full regiments. Mr. Steck represents the people as loyal to a man. The object of the rebels is represented as being to seize the government stores rather than to endeavor to conquer the country. There were no disturbances on the plains, and when the stock was passing over them the Indians were in the best possible humor, from the fact of receiving their presents and annuities.

Good Pay.—Suppose a private to have served one year, and that being the end of the war, his account with the Government, reduced to a *cash valuation*, would stand about thus:—

For 12 months' pay, at $13 per month,	$156
For 12 months' commutation for clothing, at $3½,	42
For 12 months' commutation for rations, at $12,	144
For Bounty,	100
For grant of 160 acres of land, (in prospect),	160
Total for the year,	$612

And supposing his average travel from the place of enrollment to the place of muster to be 200 miles, he receives $50, (50 cents for each twenty miles) and the same on his discharge; and if in the cavalry service $25 in addition.

A Noble Woman.—The Jefferson City correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat of the 11th says:

Quite a sensation was created in town last evening by the arrival of Mrs. Colonel Ellis, from Tipton, bearer of despatches from Gen. Hunter and Col. Ellis. She was dressed in a semi-military riding habit and hat, with a crimson sash thrown around the left shoulder, as an officer of the day, mounted on a splendid charger, and attended by two orderlies. She had ridden forty-five miles since ten o'clock, and, without taking a moment's rest, delivered her orders at camp, and then waited upon Gen. T. L. Price with her despatches, urging forward two squadrons of Col. Ellis's command, now here, to rejoin the regiment at Tipton.

A Special Insult.—"LL. D." Russell is now the subject of a disparaging joke in Washington circles. While walking leisurely up Pennsylvania avenue, a short time since, where omnibusses marked "Seventh street" pass, he was accosted by a very pretty young lady with the inquiry, "Will you please tell me, sir, how far those stages go?" The "special," who unfortunately aspirates the "H," replied, "Seventh street to hell, Miss." The lady indignantly turned from him, with the remark, "I mistook you for a gentleman," and was off before the astounded LL. D. could understand why the young lady should deem herself insulted

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour is dull. Sales reach 10,000 bbls, in lots, chiefly for export, at $5,25@5,50 for common and good superfine; $5,62½@5,75 for extra, and $5,75@6 for family, including 500 bbls fine Flour, at $4,75; 1000 bbls Ohio extra, to arrive, at $5,65; 500 bbls do family at $5,75, and 2500 bbls Ohio and City Mills do, part at $6@6,25, and part at $6,75 ℔ bbl for Jenny Lind. The trade have been buying moderately within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $7 to $7,50 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour continues scarce, with small receipts and sales $3,75 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal has been more active, and 1500 bbls Penna sold at $2,75@2,80 ℔ bbl, at which rate it is quiet. Buckwheat Meal is selling at $2@2,25 the 100 ℔s.

GRAIN—The market for all kinds has been active; Wheat is selling at $1,25@1,30 for good and prime Western and Penna Reds in store and afloat; some damaged lots sold at $1@1,10; good to prime Southern Reds at $1,28@1,30; White at $1,30@1,40, mostly Kentucky, at $1,37@1,40, in store, and choice Southern at $1,42@1,45 afloat. Rye is better, and all offered, some 6000 bus, sold at 65@70c for Penna, and 63a65c for Delaware. Corn is also better, and 30,000 bus Yellow sold at 62@65c, in store and afloat. Oats are in active demand, and sales of 55,000 bus are reported at a further advance, including Southern at 36@37½c, the latter afloat, and Penna at 37@38c, which are now held higher. Of Barley, which is dull, considerable sales of prime New York are reported, part at 75c, and part private.

PROVISIONS—The stocks of all kinds are light, Mess Pork selling in a small way only at $15@15,50 ℔ bbl. Mess Beef is steady at $12@$15 ℔ bbl, the latter for city packed. Bacon moves off as wanted at 8@9c for plain and fancy Hams, 7c for Sides, and 6c for Shoulders. Green Meats are quiet, and quotations about the same, viz., Shoulders at 5@5½c, and Sides at 6c. Lard is scarce and firm, with a small business doing at 9½@9¾c for prime Western in tcs, and 9½@9¾c for kegs, cash and time. Butter continues dull at 8@9c for packed, and 10@12c for roll. Cheese is steady at 6½@7½c, the latter in a small way, from store. Eggs are better, and selling at 14@14½c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The stock on sale is very much reduced, and holders generally are firmer. The week's sales reach about 150 bales only, taken in small lots at full prices, ranging from 18 to 23c for ordinary to good middling quality, cash, the latter for Memphis.

ASHES—Both kinds meet with a limited demand at steady rates.

BARK—Quercitron is dull, the demand for shipment having fallen off, and about 100 hhds found buyers at $27@27,50 for 1st No 1, mostly at the latter rate for fine ground, which is still the asking rate for that description, with little or none offering at the close. Tanners' Bark is in demand, and if here would bring $11@12 for Spanish, and $8@9 ℔ cord for Chestnut Oak.

BEESWAX is scarce and held at 31@32c ℔ ℔, but the demand is limited.

COAL—There is no change in price or demand, and a moderate business doing both for shipment and home use.

COFFEE—The stock is nearly all out of first hands and prices are better, with sales of only about 800 bags to note at 15½@16½c for Rio, and 17@17½c for Laguayra, on time, mostly of the former.

COPPER is inactive, and Sheathing is quoted at 24@25c, on time, without sales. Yellow Metal is steady at 18c, 6 mos, with sales of 2500 sheets.

FEATHERS are firm, but the demand is limited at 37@40c, as to lots.

FRUIT—Green Apples are arriving and selling at $1½ to 3½, as in quality, and Cranberries at $5@7 ℔ bbl. Dried fruit continues scarce and high; we quote Apples at 5@6c, and unpared Peaches at 6@7c ℔ ℔.

HAY—Good Timothy is steady at 60@70c the 100 ℔s, and the demand more active.

HEMP—The market is firmer and more active, but the stock is mostly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS continue dull, and sell in a small way only at 20@25c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for this staple remains inactive; the sales of Pig Metal confined to small lots within the range of previous quotations. In manufactured the sales are moderate, and prices the same.

LEAD is firmer, and on the advance. Galena is scarce, and held at 6c ℔ ℔, cash.

LUMBER—The market, generally, is dull, white Pine Boards selling slowly at $11@14, and yellow sap do at $12@14 ℔ M. A cargo of Eastern Laths sold private.

MOLASSES is firmly held, and we have a small business to note at full rates.

PLASTER continues in steady demand, with further sales of soft at $2,25 ℔ ton.

RICE—There is little or no stock here, and 50 casks prime sold at 7¾c ℔ ℔, cash.

SEEDS are very quiet; there is more Cloverseed offering, and buyers come forward slowly at $4,50@4,75 ℔ bus, the latter for prime. Timothy is also quiet at $1,75@2 ℔ bus, as in quality; buyers now only offer the former figures. Flaxseed is better and in good demand, and scarce at $1,55@1,60 ℔ bus. Calcutta seed has advanced at the East.

SPIRITS are firm but quiet, with about the usual business doing in foreign. N. E. Rum is steady at 30@32c. Whiskey has declined since last week, but the market is firmer at the close, with more doing in bbls at 21@21½c, and drudge at 21c.

SUGARS—The market is firm and rather more active, with sales of some 400 hhds, mostly Cuba, in small lots, at 8@9c on time.

TALLOW is quiet. City rendered selling at 8¾@9c, and country at 8@8¼c ℔ ℔.

TOBACCO is held firmly, with a very light stock to operate in, and for manufactured holders are asking a further advance, there being very little in first hands.

WOOL continues in active demand and firm, at a further advance, with sales to some extent of common and medium quality at 50@55c. Fine is also firm, with sales of 60,000 ℔s, mostly at 47½c, now held higher.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, at St. Clement's, by the Rev. H. S. Spackman, Walter M. Sprankle, of Ohio, to M. Lizzie Weaver, of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Benj. Watson, Townsend Stites, U. S. N. to Elizabeth M. youngest daughter of the late Henry Klapp, M. D. of this city.

On the 10th instant, by Friends' ceremony, Henry Wood, of this city, to Mary, daughter of Dr. George Smith, of Delaware county.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Capt. Levi Collins, to Sarah Leonard, daughter of the late Gilbert Leonard.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Owen J. Stockton, Esq. to Miss Mary M. Ensor, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Lieut. A. J. Knorr, to Miss Amelia C. Kinsler, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. S. E. Stevens, Nathaniel B. Thomas, to Mary Long, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday morning, the 16th instant, of congestion of the brain, George W. Peterson, in his 32d year.

Suddenly, on Monday, the 14th instant, Henry F. Anners, in his 57th year.

On the 15th instant, Mr. George C. Bumm, in his 40th year.

At Camden, N. J. on Sunday, the 13th instant, Mrs. Mary R. wife of James R. Caldwell.

On the morning of the 16th instant, William B. Potts, in his 61st year.

On 6th day, the 11th instant, Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Joel and Caroline W. Cadbury.

At Chester, on the 12th instant, Mary, wife of Jas. Wilkinson, in her 72d year.

On the 14th instant, Eliza, wife of John Brown, in her 59th year.

On the 14th instant, George T. Titcomb, in his 44th year.

On the 13th instant, Margaret, wife of N. J. Williams, in her 36th year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2370 head. Prices varying from 6 to 7c ℔ ℔. 60 Cows were sold at from $30 to 45 ℔ head. 8000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $6,50 to 7,00 ℔ cwt, net.—1086 Hogs brought from $5,00 to 5,75 ℔ cwt, net.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 19, 1861.

Alabama	20 dis.	Missouri	20 dis.
Canada	½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	1½ dis.
Delaware	½ dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1-10 dis.
Georgia	20 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	30 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	20 dis.
Indiana	1½ dis.	Nova Scotia	1½ dis.
Iowa	3½ dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	20 dis.	South Carolina	20 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	20 dis.
Maryland	½ to 2½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	20 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	15 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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There is scarcely any disease in which purgative medicines are not required; and much sickness and suffering might be prevented were they more generally used. No person can feel well while a costive habit of body prevails; besides, it soon generates serious and often fatal diseases, which might be avoided by timely and judicious use of proper Cathartic medicines.

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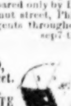
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is on the outside wrapper all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-1y

Wit and Humor.

Two Dukes and a Tradesman.—Any one unacquainted with the personal appearance of the Dukes of Newcastle and Cleveland, will know that the first has a striking and noble exterior; the second is not very remarkable for good looks. These two noblemen were travelling together in a railway carriage, into which a Nottingham manufacturer entered; and shortly afterward the Duke of Newcastle entered into a brisk conversation with the new traveller, asking him questions about the state of trade, &c., and availing himself of the opportunity of acquiring information; while the Duke of Cleveland held himself back. The Duke of Newcastle alighting, the Nottingham traveller asked his companion if he knew the name of the gentleman with whom he had been conversing. "The Duke of Newcastle," was the reply. "What!" rejoined the astonished manufacturer; "well now, only to think that such a great gentleman should have talked in so free-and-easy a way to two such snobs as you and I!"

On the two o'clock slow freight and passenger train from Syracuse, yesterday, were a lady and her son, a youth of good dimensions, the latter travelling on a "half ticket." After innumerable stoppages and delays, in unloading freight, &c., by which the patience of the passengers is usually exhausted long before they reach this city, the conductor made his appearance for tickets. Glancing at the pasteboard received from the boy, he looked first at him, then at his mother, and then at the ticket, and remarked that he was "a large boy to be riding at half-fare." "I know," said the lady; "I know he is, sir, but then he's grown a good deal since we started." The last seen of Aleck he was on his way to speak to the engineer about it.

Affecting Scene.—"Oh, Angelina!" said a young horticulturist to his love one evening, "if you could only see my Isabella! How each day she developes new beauties—so beautiful! Hanging over me so tendrilly—no honey so sweet to the taste!"

Angelina suddenly fell to the floor like a flat-iron.

"Villain!" she cried, "you love another!" and swooned away.

"Oh, I have killed her!" exclaimed the young horticulturist, jumping up and wringing his hands. "Oh, Angelina—don't—don't! You mustn't for the world, Angelina—I didn't mean it—I only meant the—the grapevine!" Angelina recovered.

An Astonished Agent.—As a polite omnibus agent was going through the ladies' car, checking baggage, he asked a very pretty young lady if she had any baggage she wished taken to the hotel.

"No, sir," was her reply.

The agent then asked her if she desired a 'bus?

She instantly gave him a very sweet smile, and replied,

"No, sir, I am not in a bussing humor this evening."

The agent dropped his memorandum-book, hastily retired to the baggage car, and said he felt unwell.

Peas and Beans.—The late Mr. Pat Lalor, who sat in Parliament for a short time as M. P. for an Irish county, was as inveterate a joker as ever took his seat in the House of Commons. When a new Parliament was elected, Mr. Pease, the Quaker, and the late Mr. Edward Baines were among the recent additions to St. Stephens. "Bedad," whispered honest Pat in his comic brogue to a friend on his right, "here's the agricultural interest has sent us up some new members—in the shape of Pays and Banes."

What They Rose For.—Jean, the jester to Charles IX., once tried his master's nerve by rushing into his room one morning with the exclamation:—

"Oh, sire, such news!—four thousand men have risen in the city!"

"What!" cried the startled king; "with what intention have they risen?"

"Well," said Jean, placing his finger upon his nose, "probably with the intention of lying down again at bed-time."

REGULAR CADENCE IN MARCHING.

A *cadenced* step, that is, a step of uniform time and pace, is indispensably requisite in manœuvering troops. Suppose an army collected near an enemy; it is then necessary nicely to calculate distances, in order to combine marches for a simultaneous convergence of columns on the offensive point.

We may draw an illustration of the importance of cadence marching from what has already occurred in our army. It was the neglect of the cadence step that contributed to the disaster at Little Bethel, where two of our regiments fired into each other, because one arrived upon the ground unexpectedly in advance of the other, instead of arriving at the same time. They set out from different points—had to march different measurable distances. Had some attention been paid to the "cadence step," they might have arrived *at the same time*, or so nearly as to have avoided the first mistake of *that* day, which cost us, among other gallant spirits, Winthrop and Greble.

Again, on a dark night, some weeks ago, several thousand men passed very quietly through Georgetown; but, in their eagerness to be in the expected fray, the troops not in advance broke from the "cadence step" into double-quick. In consequence, all were soon in a confused huddle. Officers from the front rode back, and with much difficulty brought those pressing on their rear to understand the difficulty and danger of the position they were crowding into. A discharge of grape along that line would have made sad havoc.

Having thus presented some practical illustrations to establish the necessity of cadence marching, let us now refer you to the words of Colonel M'Murdo, a distinguished British officer, who, after an inspection of the Durham and Northumberland volunteers, held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, thus addressed the volunteers:—

"I have noticed, and other general officers have noticed, that a great difference of cadence in the time of marching is perceptible with corps. Now, I cannot too strongly impress upon all these corps, and especially upon smaller corps, that have not the opportunity of meeting together for constant marching out, how necessary it is to have one uniform cadence step. The reason is this—I have found as much as twenty paces a minute difference between the marching of corps. Now, just consider what twenty paces a minute will do in six hours. My own calculation is, that it would cause a difference in the marching of bodies of men of three miles and upwards—of three miles and a half in six hours, or half a day's march. Read the papers of to-day, and you will see in all great battles, in all great operations, an army cannot follow one line or road. An army must have several roads, in order to come in front of the enemy and deploy there. Therefore it is necessary that the bodies of men marching along these different lines toward the enemy, should march exactly with the same pace, or else, if there is a difference, which I have perceived, of twenty paces in a minute, one column would reach the enemy, while the other column would be some three and a half miles short of reaching the front where the battle should begin."

BREAKFAST TABLE-TALK.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

On a very cold wintry morning, the boys who had come to keep New Year's with their uncle, came down to breakfast the moment the bell rang. The winds howled over the fields, murmured through the limbs of the bare trees, and where they could whistled through the key-hole. Every few moments a heavy gust would beat against the old house, but it stood firm. It was very plain there would be no going out to play on that day; and it was just as plain that the boys had come down to breakfast with sharp appetites.

"Boys," said the uncle, when all were seated at the table, "what were you disputing about so early this morning? Perhaps I can help one or both of you."

"Why," said John, about twelve years of age, "we were wondering why God is so often called 'Providence.' Why should He have such a name? I said it was because He provides, and James says that can't be the reason, because He also guards us, and yet we don't call Him 'Guardence.'"

"You have both studied Latin?"

"A little, uncle."

"What does *pro video* mean?"

"It means to *see before*; does it not?"

"Yes. Now tell me how long it has taken to get this breakfast ready?"

"How long? Why, sir, it may be an hour."

"Why, it has taken thousands of years to get this breakfast ready for your eating."

"Oh, uncle! how can that be?"

"Let us see. What fish is that before you?"

"Salmon, sir."

"Very well. He probably was hatched up in some river in Greenland, several years ago, and has been kept to grow till he was a large fish. But it took years and years for the trees to grow out of which the vessel was built that went to Greenland after him. That tea, which your aunt is pouring out, most likely grew at the foot of the hills in China, hundreds of miles from the ship that brought it here. That coffee, many years ago, for I have had it in my keeping ten years, grew in Java; a long while ago that mutton chop grew in Canada, and the sheep were driven to us here. That salt was made from the waters of the ocean at one of the West India Islands. The wheat that our bread was made of grew in Ohio. The butter was made in Vermont. That sugar in your coffee was made in the island of Cuba. That pepper which I sprinkle on my meat grew in Ceylon. Those cups were made in France. That tin coffee-pot had to be dug out of the mines in England. That cream is the grass and hay of our own fields turned into milk. Now, don't you see, my boys, how much time and care and labor and seeing before (*pro videre*) it has cost to get one comfortable breakfast ready for my hungry nephews? God does all this; He foresees, provides it all, brings all these things together at the right time and the right place, and thus He is called Providence, or the Foreseer."

"But, uncle, you said it had taken thousands of years to get this breakfast ready.—We can't see that."

"What was our breakfast cooked with?"

"Cooked with! Why, with the fire, sir!"

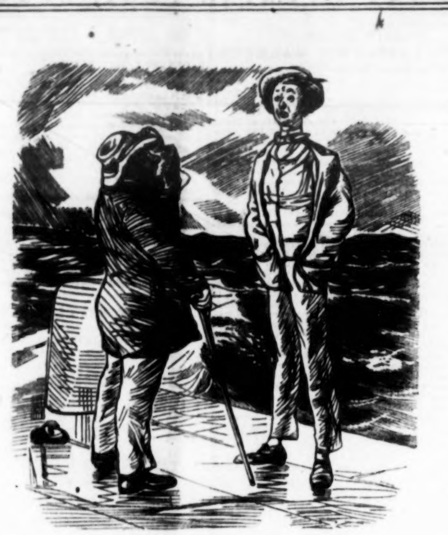
"Yes, and what was the fire made of?"

"Made of coal."

"To be sure. And that coal was made under the ground thousands of years ago; provided for this purpose. And thus God goes before us years and ages before we are born; foresees what we shall need, and gets it all ready. This is pro-viding, foreseeing. And thus He is called Providence, or the Foreseer. Do you now understand it?"

"Thank you, uncle, it's all plain now!"—*Sunday-School Times.*

Rights and Duties.—We hear a deal now-a-days about the rights of citizens, but little is said about their duties. Citizens and communities set up false standards of rights, but utterly ignore the existence of duties, unless it be a duty for them to obey their own inclinations, to the total derogation of the rights of others, and in scorn of law and of the public good. When secessionists and those who sympathize with them remember their duties as citizens of the United States, and cease their treasonable acts, they will find their rights unimpaired.



Yachting Man.—"Well, I always said you were a plucky fellow, Splinter; but really, now, I did not give you credit—"

Splinter (not displeased).—"How do you mean?"

Yachting Man.—"Why, with your long, thin spars to put out in such a gale o' wind as this."

HAVELOCK'S CROTCHET.

COLD-WATER TROOPS.

Lieut. Colonel Wakefield was for thirty years a companion in arms of General Havelock in his Indian campaigns. Gen. Havelock was a strong temperance man, and made strenuous exertions to induce the troops under him to abstain from all intoxicating drinks. Among other incidents, the speaker related the following striking illustration of the rapid demoralization which strong drink brings into the army, and which it would be well for our people to consider, especially at the present time, when we have large bodies of men in arms. The Lieut. Colonel says:—

"A curious circumstance happened to this force. The inaccessibility of the country made it almost impossible to carry one load of baggage more than was absolutely necessary. The consequence was, that instead of having a long train of camels, with a grog-barrel on each side of them, there were no camels and no grog-barrels—and the force entered the country without any spirit rations. We entered that country. Among other places we had to take was a very strong place called Ghunzee. The men, after entering the place, spread to the right and left. Of course, as is always given on these occasions, the order was, 'Do not commit any outrage.' But I tell you, when men are under fire, and are a little fuddled, they just care as much for their officers as for anybody else; and I tell you what, they will club their muskets and say, 'You hold your jaw.' Not so at Ghunzee. Although under fire from the houses, they received their orders from the officers not to fire. Not one of them did, and there was not an outrage committed in Ghunzee; there was not a woman or child maltreated; there was not a single complaint. Time rolled on. Our forces had to undergo all sorts of vicissitudes; a climate of extreme heat in summer, and extreme cold in winter. They had to sleep on the ground, and to march through the snow; to go through snow at one time, and under a blazing sun at another, that would take the skin off your face before you could think. *They did it all on cold water.* Now comes the painful part of my story: The wise men of those days began to say, 'Oh, but the poor soldier is without his grog; we must send him some grog.' The Governor-General very soon writes to the commissariat, and says, 'Make arrangements to send up 1,400 camel loads of rum into Affghanistan.' The camels started. They got their passage through Runjeet Singh's (the king of the Sikhs) country, and through these passes up to Cabul. The commissariat officer was a teetotaler. I am sorry to say it nearly broke his heart, for he had to serve out these rations. What was the consequence? From that day there were frequent court-martials; from that day men were guilty of striking their officers in the execution of their duty; coming under the frightful lash—coming under sentence of transportation for life—just for one act of passion simply arising from drink, which they never would have done if they had been sober. I never knew a thing that so convinced the officers of the army I belonged to of the truth of Havelock's 'crotchet,' as they called it. They said, 'It is a wondrous crotchet.' After they had seen the army sober for upwards of eight months, with the greatest freedom from crime—the officers not constantly in their regimentals, sitting on court-martials, trying their men—then comes in liquor and the old story. I say they had overwhelming proof, and I will defy any man to overcome it. It is stronger than any axiom of Euclid."

Age of the World—What Says Guano?—The deepest deposit of guano known is 70 feet. According to Humboldt, a deposit of three centuries would not exceed more than one-third of an inch in thickness. By an easy mathematical calculation, it will be seen that at this rate it would take almost countless centuries to form the deepest guano bed. Such a calculation carries us back towards a former geological period, and proves that in past ages a greater number of birds existed.

☞ Dress plainly—the thinnest soap-bubbles wear the gaudiest colors.

Agricultural.

BLINDNESS IN HORSES.

This is a subject of very general importance. It has been stated that blindness is more prevalent among horses in America than among those of other countries. If this is the case, the causes of the evil should be investigated and removed, if possible, without delay. The last number of the American Stock Journal contains a good article on the subject, the leading ideas of which we have condensed for our columns. It states that blindness is more prevalent among horses in Ohio than those of any other section of the country. The cases of blindness are attributed in a great measure to over-feeding—the Ohio horses being notoriously fat. It is a common practice in that State to force the fat upon horses intended for sale, by stuffing them principally with Indian corn, and keeping them, without much service, in warm, close stables. This method of feeding soon fattens a horse, but at the same time its digestive functions are injured by the treatment. It is now believed that the blindness can be traced to a sympathetic relation between disorder of the digestive organs and the brain, and that through the latter the optic nerves become diseased, and ends in destroying the vision. Blindness is also frequently transmitted to offspring, and thus an evil, first originating in disease, almost becomes a natural defect by hereditary descent. Errors in feeding horses, as is well known, also produce blind staggers, stomach staggers, and organic diseases of the brain; therefore the greatest care should be exercised in feeding them.

In order to prevent the spread of horse blindness, it is recommended that whenever an animal shows the least symptoms of the disease it should be kept on a light diet of hay and oats. A horse may be maintained in good condition on twelve pounds of hay and five pounds of oats for daily feed. In breeding horses it is also recommended that all animals showing the least symptoms of organic disease be rejected.

One of the first symptoms incident to blindness—which any person may readily notice—is the disposition of the animal to raise his fore legs unnecessarily high, while, at the same time, the ears are drawn backward and forward in quick succession, thus giving evidence that the sagacious animal is sounding the ground over which he travels.

These are the principal ideas advanced by our contemporary respecting the cause of prevalent horse blindness in our country, and the mode of arresting a spread of the evil. There are some other causes of this disease which appear to us more evident, and which are perfectly capable of removal. Blind horses are more common in cities than in the rural districts. This we consider is principally caused by bad stables. Many of them are underground cellars, and, with few exceptions, all stables are too small. They do not admit a sufficient quantity of fresh air for ventilation and respiration, and this always tends to injure the health of the animals. Light is as essential to the health of horses as to that of men, and yet most stables are nearly as dark as dungeons. Several years since a great number of valuable French cavalry horses were attacked with glanders and other diseases, of which they died. It was recommended that more spacious stables should be erected. The suggestion was acted upon, and, with improved army stables, there is not one-fourth the cases of sickness now among the French cavalry horses. This fact is invaluable. It would be far better for most of the horses in our cities to be kept in open sheds than in the stables commonly provided for them.

We are also positive that eye-blinds on the harness tend to injure the eyes of horses, and as they are totally useless and unsightly appendages, they should be abandoned entirely. We are aware that, of late, the open bridle has become more common, but it should be universal. Tight, close collars, which squeeze the eyes of horses in putting them on, are also very injurious to the eyes of the animals. We have known one case of permanent injury to the eyes of an excellent horse from this cause. Carriage and draught horses should be provided with divided collars, secured either at the top or bottom, so that they are not required to be forced over the heads of the animals.

MANAGEMENT OF BEES.

I have often urged upon the attention of all bee keepers the absolute importance of paying daily visits to the apiary. It must be borne in mind that men are not the sole relishers of honey. Mice, ants, roaches, and numerous other insects, frequent the hives, and do much mischief. These it is the policy of the good apiarian to keep from the hives as much as possible. The bees will use their best exertions to do this themselves, but a little assistance from you will be thankfully received. The spider's formidable trap cannot be dislodged without your aid—the moth, the bee's most deadly enemy, will ever baffle your skill, but that is no reason why you should not attempt his destruction. Provided with a bit of whalebone, using it as you did to kill flies in your youthful days, you can have no idea of the number of these pests you can destroy in one evening. I have always found it to be the best policy to remove the infested hive as soon as you have made the discovery that the moth is in it, otherwise they will soon take possession of your other hives—then all your efforts will prove of no avail. All the traps and contrivances of which you read for the extermination of the bee moth are just so many humbugs, as you will find on trial. The only thing that comes near a remedy is to keep none other than well filled hives. Keep them as far from each other as the nature of your premises will permit—give your apiary your daily attention, and take good care that everything about it is kept in cleanly condition, and if you do not then succeed in making bee keeping profitable, it will be no fault of yours.

V. LaTaste.

PRODUCT OF MILCH COWS.

A dairyman somewhat noted for producing a large amount of cheese annually from his dairy, said to us in a recent conversation that one of the secrets of his success in this respect was the careful manner in which he treated his herd. His cows were driven to the stables leisurely. No dogs were used for the purpose of driving the cows, and persons in his employ who were caught striking or in any way abusing a cow were discharged on the instant. Let the cows have an abundance of food, and take their time in coming to the barn, especially in hot weather, milk clean and regularly, and from fifty to a hundred pounds more cheese can be made per cow, during the season, than when the animals are dogged out of the fields night and morning, or kicked and pounded and frightened for every little mistake they are supposed to make. Some people make a great mistake in overstocking, and too little attention is given to the treatment of stock, summer and winter. The dairyman should consider a moment whether 30 cows, yielding 600 pounds of cheese per cow, are not as profitable as 40 cows, whose annual product is 400 pounds per cow.—*Dairy Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

Cure for Dysentery.—Dr. Page, of Washington, communicates to the Republican, of that city, the following simple remedy, long known in family practice, and which was recently tried in the camp of the New York 22nd regiment, where there were from eighty to one hundred cases daily, and with rapid cures in every case:—

Recipe—In a teacup half full of vinegar, dissolve as much salt as it will take up, leaving a little excess of salt at the bottom of the cup. Pour boiling water upon the solution till the cup is two-thirds or three-quarters full. A scum will rise to the surface, which must be removed and the solution allowed to cool.

Dose—Tablespoonful three times a day till relieved.

A Beautiful Dye.—Gather the faded leaves of the dark maroon-colored hollyhock, single or double flowers, place a large handful in about a quart of water, with a piece of alum about the size of a filbert; let it simmer down to about the quantity; dip ribbons, cashmere, woolens or silks, into the liquid, and you will obtain the fashionable and elegant tint called "mauve." Ribbons should be wrapped in a piece of white calico or linen, so as to dry gradually and evenly. The shade of color may be lessened by adding water, if the tint should be considered too high.

Rice Cake.—Wash one pound of rice, put it in a stew-pan with a pint of water, and set it on the fire; when the rice is well soaked, add a quart of milk, quarter of a pound of butter, grated lemon-peel, or a little nutmeg, or a piece of cinnamon; boil till thick; then add two eggs, well beat, a little salt, and a quarter of a pound of sugar; place all in a greased pan or tin bread-pan; bake one hour, and serve with sugar or jam over.—*Soyer.*

The Same, a Cheaper Way.—Add to one pound of rice, when boiled, two ounces of chopped suet, a spoonful of flour, a quart of skim-milk, some brown sugar or treacle; bake in *large pan*; eat cold; fruit of any kind may be mixed with it.—*Soyer.*

Apple Cake.—Butter a pie-dish nearly a quarter of an inch thick, throw in a large quantity of bread-crumbs—as much as will stick, when pressed well, on the butter; then have some apples already stewed down and sweetened, of which nearly fill the dish; put in one ounce of butter in bits; cover over with bread crumbs, also half an inch thick; put into hot oven; when done, pass a knife round and turn it out, sugar over, and glaze with a red hot shovel. If used hot, a little rum put round it and lighted, is very nice.—*Soyer.*

The Riddler.

ENIGMA

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 4, 16, 15, 14, 20, is a color.
My 2, 19, 7, is worn on the head.
My 14, 13, 21, 6, is a point of the compass.
My 18, 5, 7, is what we all do.
My 4, 3, 5, 16, is an animal.
My 2, 15, 6, 3, 8, is a place of entertainment.
My 12, 18, 7, is used by fishermen.
My 15, 20, 9, is a number.
My 4, 19, 8, 17, is a pleasant game.
My 2, 9, 20, is a nickname.
My 21, 2, 13, is a pronoun.
My 4, 19, 7, is a troublesome animal.
My 1, 9, 20, is a number.
My 11, 19, 20, is used mostly in summer.
My 4, 13, 5, 20, is a vegetable.
My 20, 3, 14, 10, 16, 17, 9, 5, 20, 21, is a Southern city.
My 12, 10, 21, 3, is a part of the face.
My 2, 10, 7, is more than warm.

My whole is a memorable event in American history. JACOB S. HARDENBERGH.

Brooklyn, L. I.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 1, 15, 14, is a domestic animal.
My 2, 8, 9, is found in Pennsylvania.
My 3, 10, 13, 13, is not more.
My 4, 11, 6, is the name of a tree.
My 5, 2, is an interjection.
My 6, 15, 16, 7, is natural for people always to want.
My 7, 17, 18, 7, 8, is a fluid finer than air.
My 8, 15, 13, 10, is a female name.
My 9, 11, 12, is a denomination of cloth measure.

My whole was the name of a brave man.

Philadelphia. WM. TOLBUT TOTTEN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The moon looks calmly, brightly down,
As swiftly on my first doth move;
And many watch, with longing eyes,
To greet the friends they love.

In autumn my second is found,
When plenty has crowned the year,
When the swallow has flitted away,
And the leaves are yellow and sere.

The Indian takes his bow in hand
And hunts the woodlands o'er;
He seeks my third on mountains high,
And on the lake's wild shore.

The battle-field was strewn with dead,
Fast flowed the crimson tide,
But mid the deadly storm of lead
My whole did safely ride.

Warren, Vermont. HARP DAVIS.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a lake in Africa.
Is a group of islands in the Bay of Bengal.
Is a town in New York.
Is the capital of one of the United States.
Is a town of Turkey in Asia.
Is a river in the territories.
Is a range of mountains in Europe.
Is a lake in Africa.
Is a county of Missouri.
Is a county of Georgia.
Is a gulf north of Europe.
Is the capital of one of the United States.
Is one of the Tripolitan states.
My whole is a bay in the United States.

My initials form the bay. My finals the place of situation. S. S. LAIRD.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three circles, whose diameters are 132, 154, and 176 feet respectively, touch each other externally. Required the diameter of the least circle that can be circumscribed about them?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain fraction divided into one-sixth of itself, will result to bring a fraction five times the value of itself. What is the fraction divided?

DELTA.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why was Pisistratus of Athens like a tallow candle? Ans.—Because it was in Greece that his wick-edness was brought to light.

☞ What is the best line to lead a man with? Ans.—Crino-line.

☞ What is the best line to lead a woman with? Ans.—Mascu-line.

☞ When does night draw near? Ans.—When T (tea) is removed, for then night is nigh.

☞ Julius—What portion ob de army do de landlords dread de most? Sam—Don't reely know, nigga. Julius—Why, de left-tenants, ob course.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—The art of solving enigmas. CHARADE—Bayonet. RIDDLE—Rate, (ate, rat, tar, tare, ear.) DOUBLE REBUS—Kalihari in Africa. (Kalihari, Aleutian, Lassa, If, Hanover, Altai, Relic, Indiana.)

Messrs. Editors:—I think the answer given by N. P. Blakeslee, in The Post of July 6, to the Geometrical Problem of H. D. M. M., published April 27, is not quite correct. My answer is as follows:

The man who takes his share from the top or smaller end, gets 208.0083 inches of the length; the man who takes his share next, gets 54.06 inches of the length; and the man who takes his share last, from the larger end, gets 37.92 inches.

I also send you the answer to the Problem by Abijah McLean, in The Post of August 18, 18 The required numbers are 6587088330592, 1985 77539600, and 18747866758608. And the answer to Problem in The Post of August 31: A dug 43.8447 yards, at $1.140388 per yard, and B dug 56.1552 yards, at $0.890388 per yard.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ Rulers are generally too fond of display. They seem more anxious to fill the eye than the stomachs of their people.